SWASHBUCKLING THRILLS WITH PATCH-EYE HOOKER INSIDE!

BUSTER and Giggle

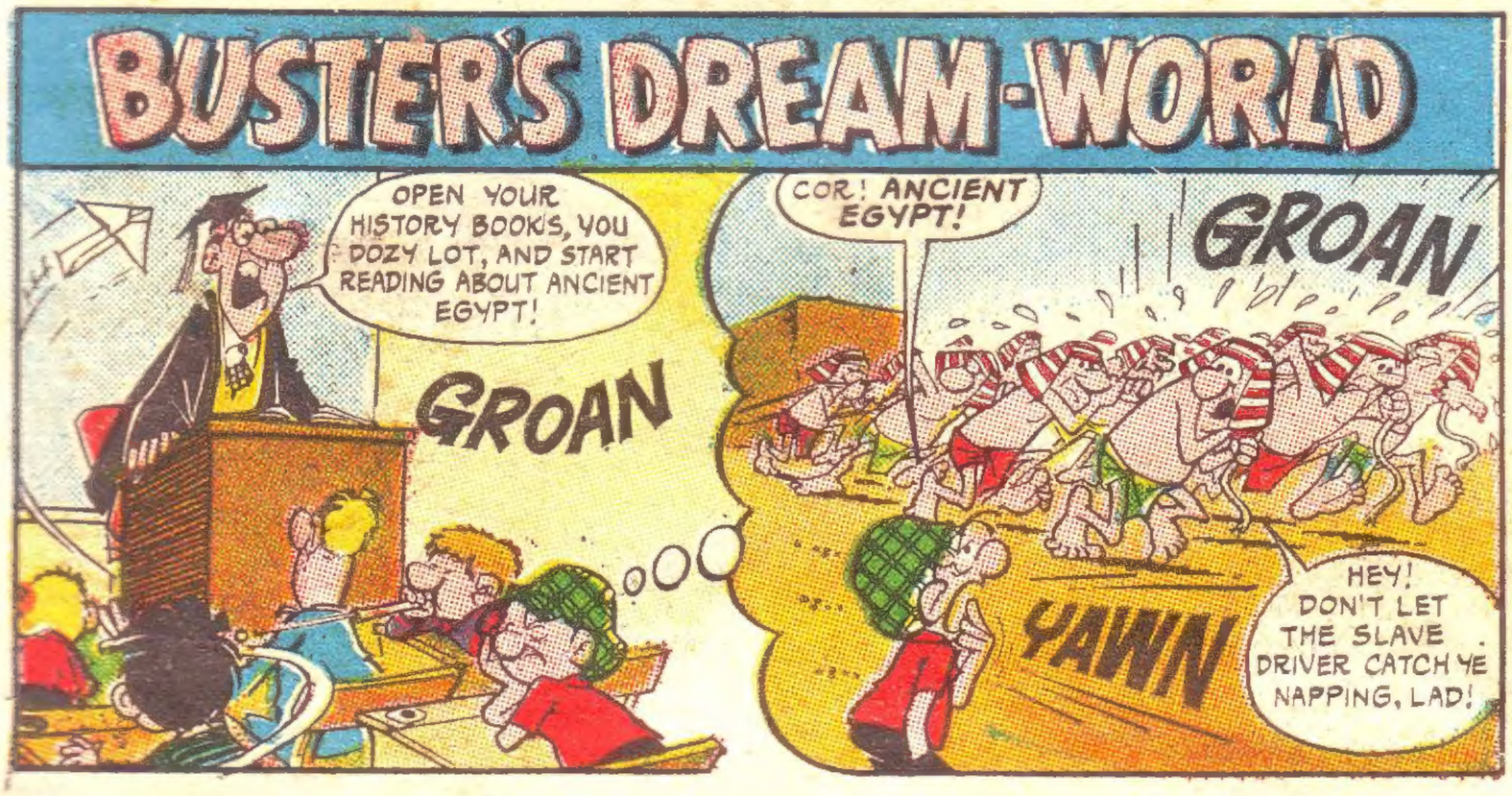
7d

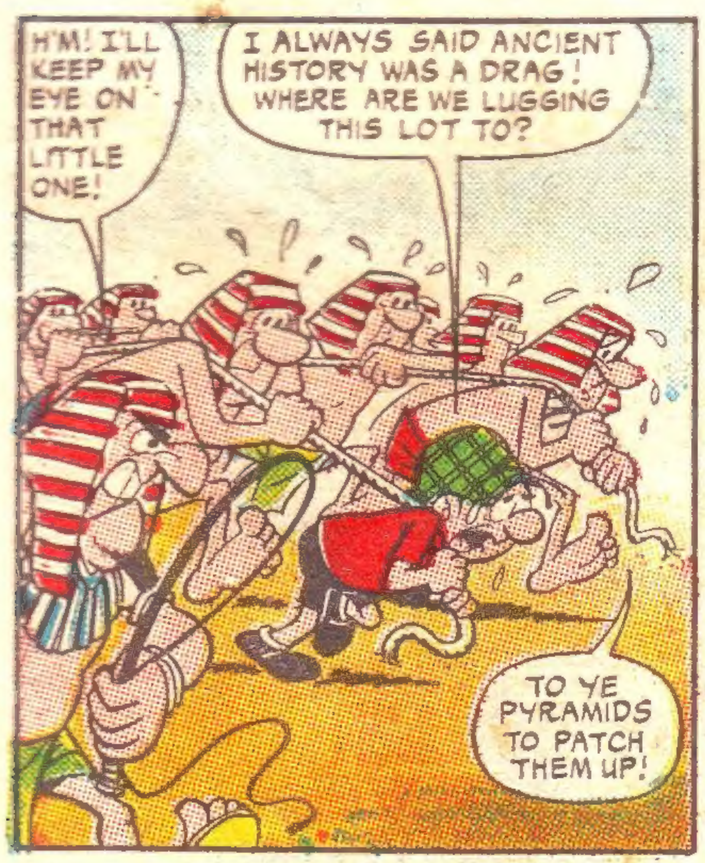
EVERY MONDAY

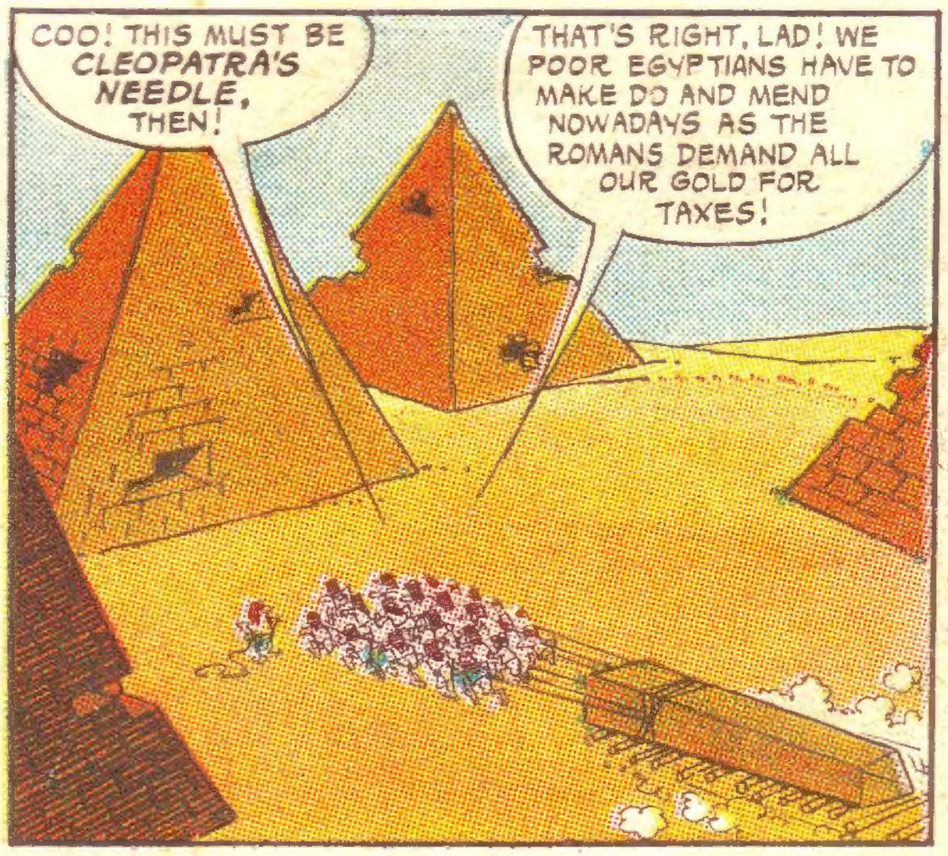
17th FEBRUARY, 1968

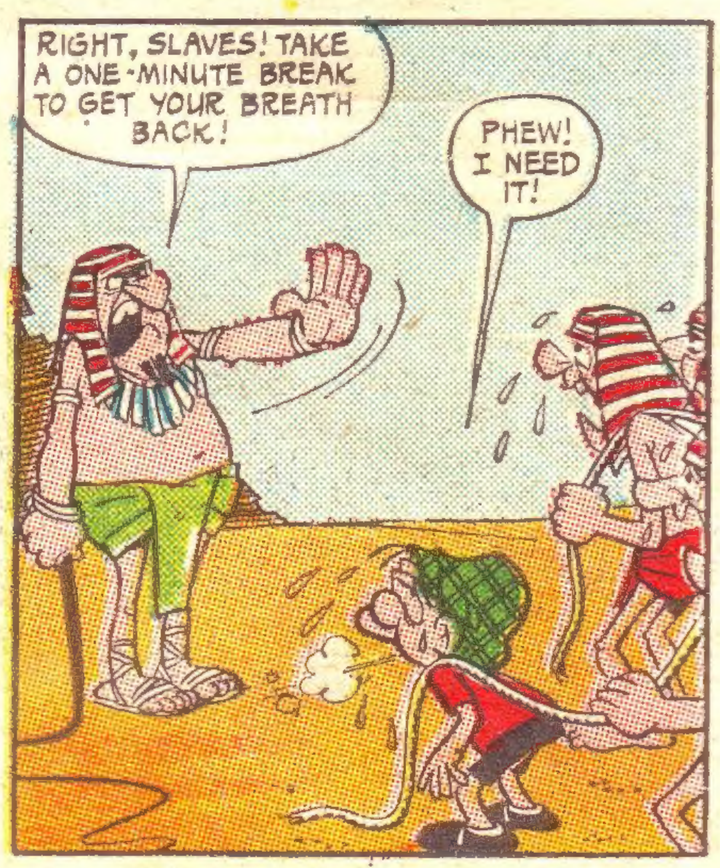
Australia 10 cents ; New Zealand 10 cents ; South Africa 10 cents ; Rhodesia 1/- ; East Africa 1.00 cents ; West Africa 1/- ; Malta 9d. ; Canada 15 cents ; Malaysia 40 cents ; Danmark Kr. 1·50 ; Deutschland Dm. ·55 ; Espana Pes. 10·0 ; Nederland Fl. ·65 ; Norge Kr. 1·25 ; Portugal Esc. 5·0 ; Suomi Fm. ·60 ; Sverige Kr. ·75 ; Italia L. 120.

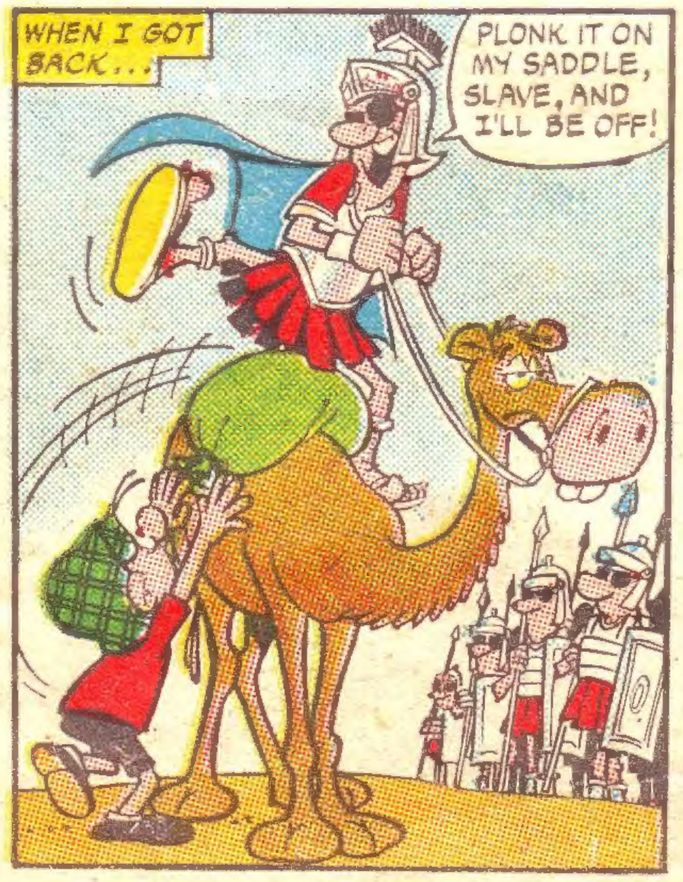
BUSTER'S DREAM-WORLD











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IN HIS HASTE, GALAXUS FAILED TO SEE A GAPING VOID CAUSED BY THE EARTHQUAKE!

GALAXUS

THE THING FROM OUTER SPACE

A space-creature known as Galaxus was marooned on Earth, and although he meant no-one any harm he was being hunted throughout Japan. With his only friends—two English boys named Jim and Danny Jones—he was fleeing to the mountains west of Tokyo, when suddenly there was a tremendous earth tremor . . .

DANNY, THE GROUND'S OPENING UP! IT'S AN EARTHQUAKE!

RUN, GALAXUS! MAKE FOR THE VALLEY!

WE MUST GET AWAY FROM THESE HILLS BEFORE WE'RE TRAPPED BY A LAND-SLIDE!

WITH GREAT, LOPING STRIDES, THE FRIGHTENED SPACE-CREATURE FLED. BUT ONLY SECONDS LATER . . .

AAGH . . . ANOTHER RIFT! H-HE'S FALLING IN!

MUUUUAAAH!

GALAXUS PLUNGED DOWN INTO THE GAPING VOID . . . AND, IN THE NICK OF TIME, ROLLED HIS TWO FRIENDS TO SAFETY . . .

J-JIM, HE'S STUCK— JAMMED IN THE CREVASSE!

AWWUHH!

THROUGH HIS POWER OF THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE, HE'S SAYING HE'S HURT HIMSELF, TOO! INJURED HIS ANKLE . . .!

ARMED WITH A PITCHFORK, THE HEADMAN LED THE ADVANCE ON THE SPACE-CREATURE!

IN THE NEARBY VILLAGE, STARTLED PEASANTS RAN FROM THEIR HOUSES...

AAIEEE! T-THE MONSTER COMES!

TOSHIO WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO! FETCH HIM, SOMEONE, QUICKLY!

TOSHIO NAKAMURA, THE LOCAL HEADMAN, WAS BOTH PROUD AND BRAVE...

YOU SAY THE MONSTER IS HERE? IN OUR VILLAGE?

HAI! IT IS TRAPPED IN A CREVASSE CAUSED BY THE EARTHQUAKE! YOU *MUST* SAVE US!

HAVE NO FEAR, MY BROTHERS! I, TOSHIO NAKAMURA, WILL PROTECT YOU! *COME!*

SLOWLY BUT STEADILY, THE VILLAGERS APPROACHED...

JIM, *LOOK* AT THOSE PEOPLE! W-WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO DO?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT IT COULD MEAN TROUBLE! I'LL TRY AND TALK TO THEM...!

TREMBLING A LITTLE, JIM STEPPED FORWARD...

STOP, PLEASE! GALAXUS MEANS YOU NO HARM! ONCE HE'S FREE, WE'LL GO OUR WAY IN PEACE...!

YOU LIE! I HAVE HEARD THAT THE BEAST DESTROYS ALL IN ITS PATH! UNDER THE LAW OF THE SAMURAI, I AM SWORN TO PROTECT MY PEOPLE...!

...SO THE GIANT MUST PERISH!

NO...NO!

JIM LAUNCHED HIMSELF INTO A FLYING TACKLE, DESPERATE TO SAVE HIS FRIEND..

HEAVE YOURSELF OUT OF THERE, GALAXUS- *HEAVE!* IT'S YOUR ONLY CHANCE!

YAAAAH!

CONTINUED OVERLEAF-

REALISING THE DANGER, GALAXUS SUMMONED ALL HIS MIGHTY STRENGTH . . .

MUUUU-UH !

YAIEEE... HE BREAKS FREE! WE ARE DOOMED!

OVER HERE, GALAXUS! PICK US UP... HURRY!

YES, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE PEOPLE ATTACK IN A MOB!

OBEDIENT AS ALWAYS, THE GENTLE TOIL-CREATURE LIMPED AWAY . . .

POOR GALAXUS! HE MUST HAVE STRAINED HIS ANKLE QUITE BADLY!

ONCE WE'RE CLEAR OF THE VILLAGE WE'LL STOP AND STRAP IT UP!

THEY HALTED ABOUT HALF A MILE AWAY, ON THE EDGE OF A PADDY FIELD...

HELP ME WITH THIS TARPAULIN, DANNY! WE CAN RIP IT UP AND USE IT AS A BANDAGE!

OKAY... I HOPE IT'LL BE BIG ENOUGH!

SOON... IS THAT BETTER, OLD FRIEND? AT LEAST IT'LL GIVE YOUR LEG SOME SUPPORT!

HE'LL NEED TO REST FOR A FEW HOURS, JIM! I'M GLAD THERE ARE NO SIGNS OF PURSUIT FROM THE VILLAGE, BECAUSE WE MIGHT BE STUCK HERE FOR A WHILE!

BUT LITTLE DID DANNY JONES KNOW THAT AT THE VERY SAME MOMENT, BACK IN TOSHIO NAKAMURA'S HOUSE . . .

HUSBAND, WHAT IS IT? WHAT AILS YOU?

I HAVE LOST FACE, WOMAN! I, TOSHIO NAKAMURA, LORD OF THE SAMURAI AND PROTECTOR OF MY PEOPLE, WAS BEATEN BY A MERE *CHILD!*

BUT IT COULD NOT BE HELPED! YOU CANNOT BLAME YOURSELF!

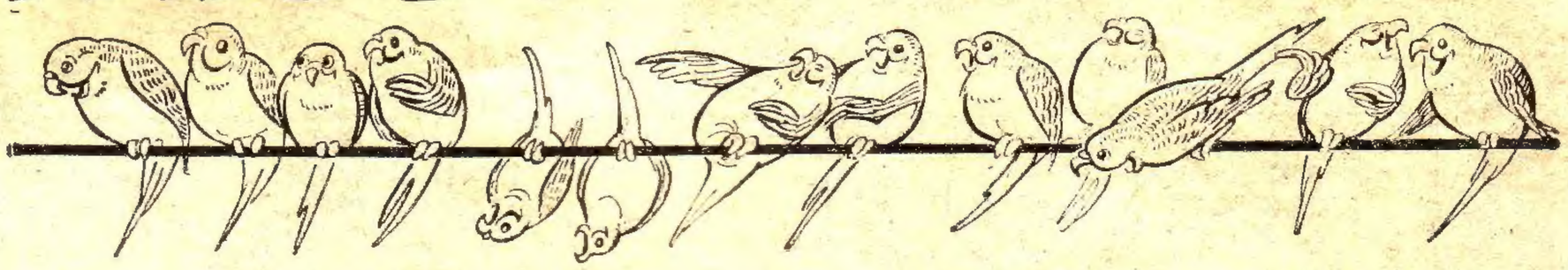
I CAN AND I *DO!* THEREFORE I MUST REGAIN MY HONOUR... *IN THE **ONLY** WAY POSSIBLE!*

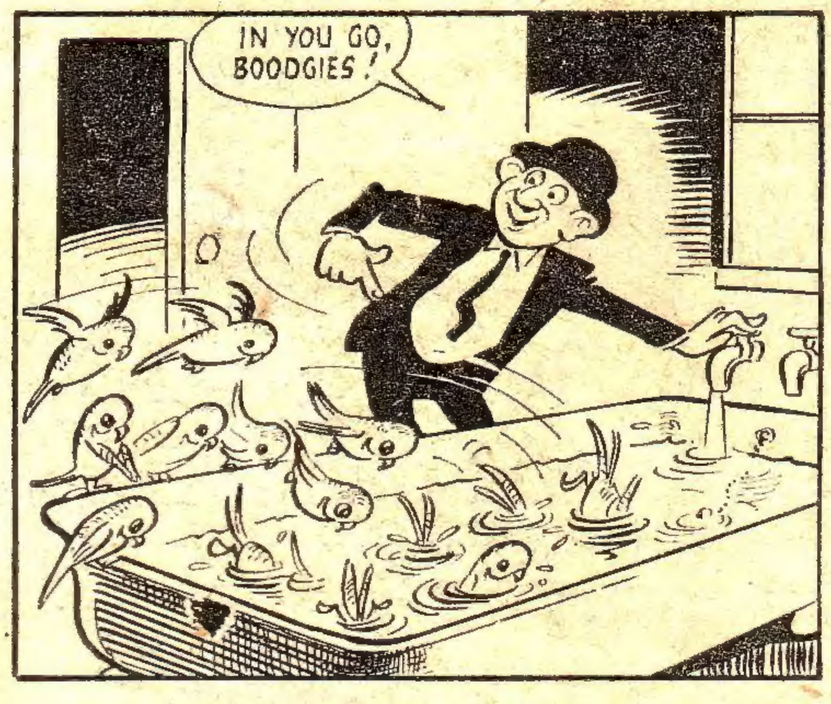
THE ENGLISH BOY SHALL FALL VICTIM TO MY SAMURAI SWORD!

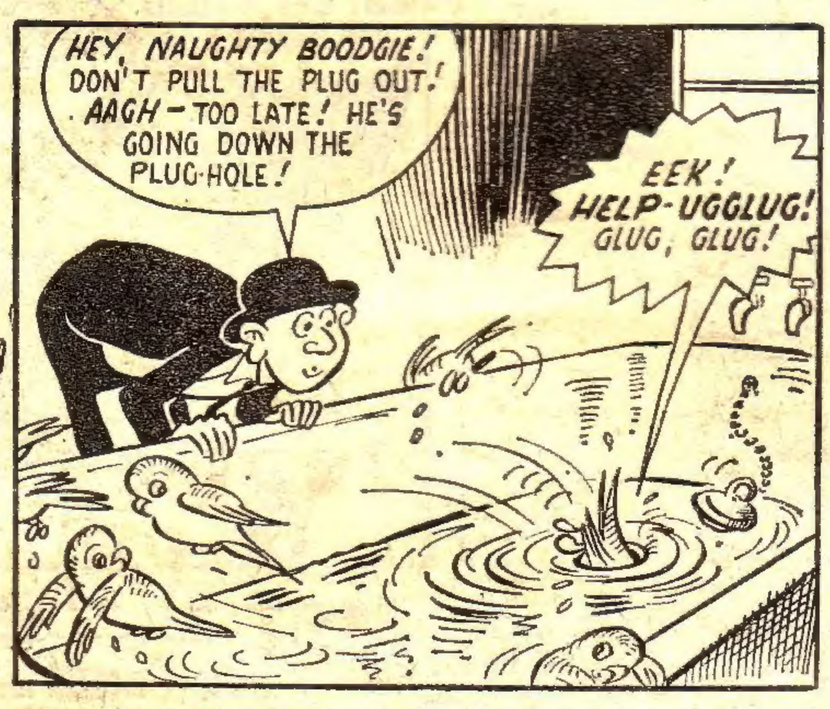
WILL TOSHIO CARRY OUT HIS THREAT? THIS DRAMA-CHARGED STORY CONTINUES IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

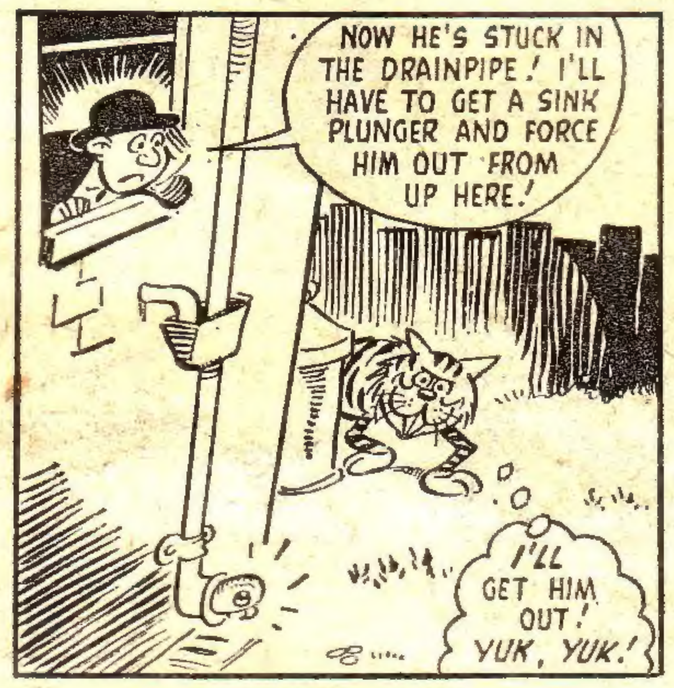
PLENTY OF LAUGHS ON TAP WHEN IT'S BATH TIME FOR THE BUDGIES!

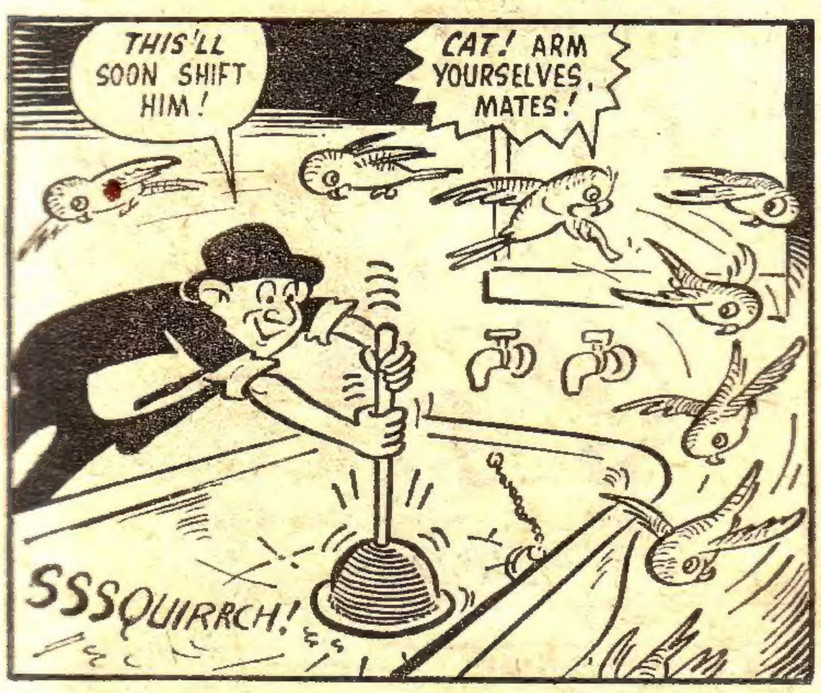
FREDDY "Parrot-face" DAVIES

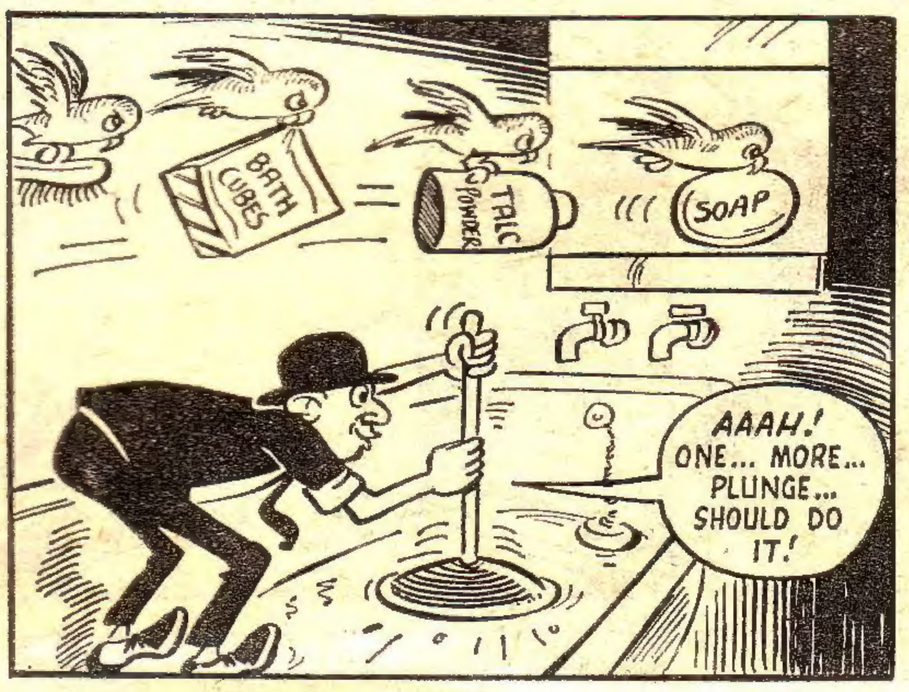


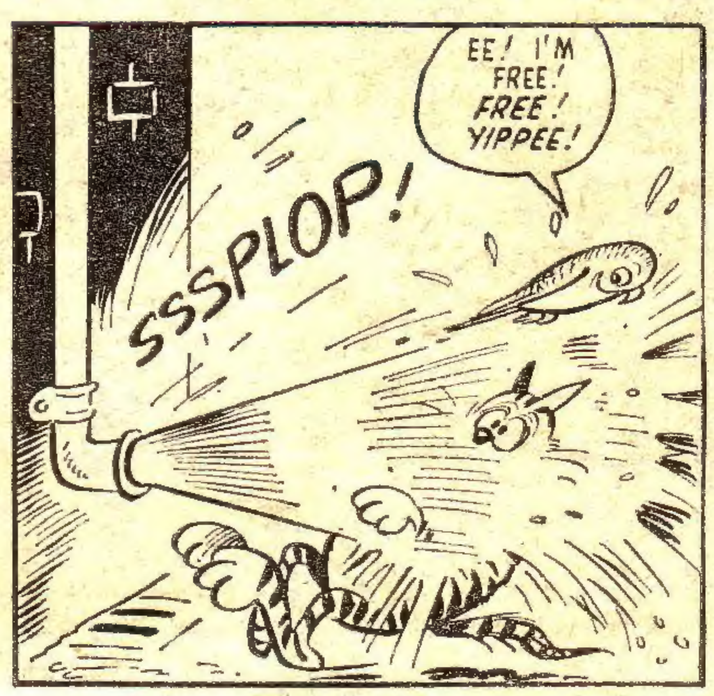


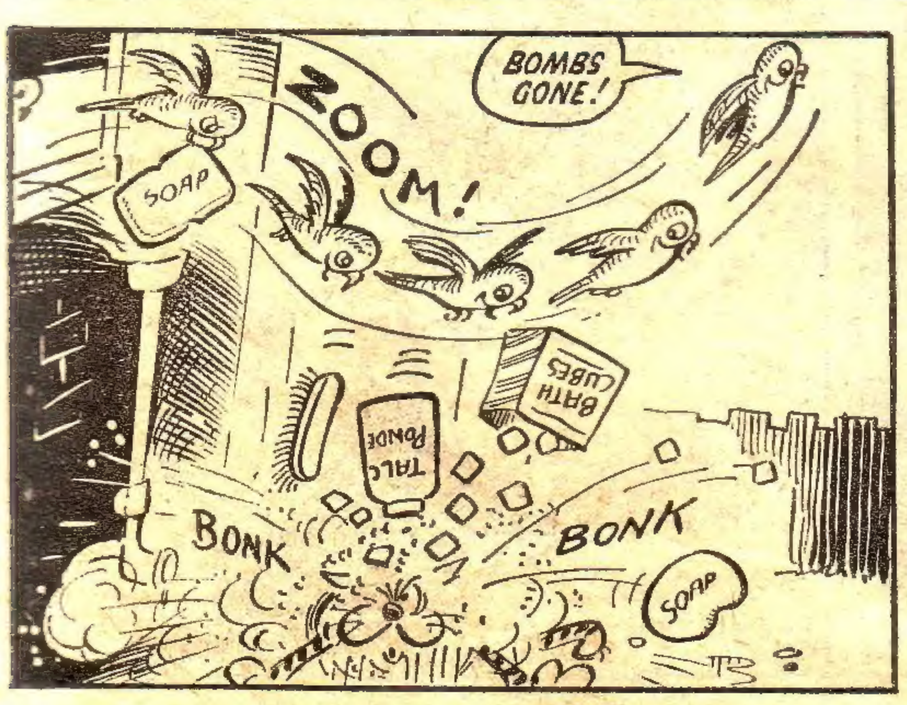


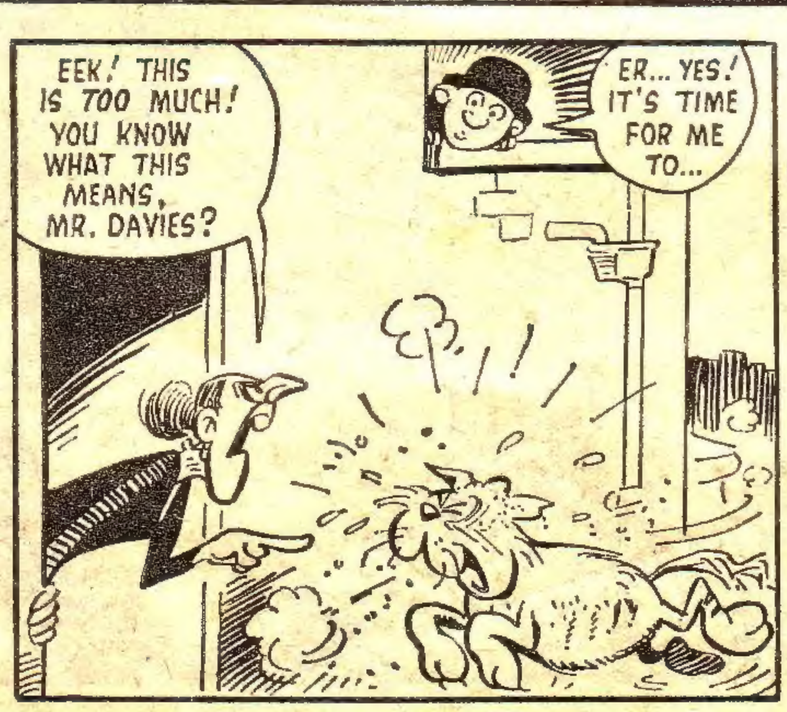












NO REST FOR FREDDY NEXT WEEK... THE BUDGIES CATCH HIM NAPPING!

MR. SCROGGINS MAKES THE WRONG SORT OF HIT WHEN HE STRIKES BACK AGAINST THE WILD BUNCH!

THE WILD BUNCH

LITTLE PET DODGER DEBBIE JOKER TWISTER

HEY! HERE COMES OLD SCROGGINS! LET'S DRAW A FUNNY PICTURE OF HIM ON THE WALL!

ROAD UP

ARRGH! HOW **DARE** THEY DRAW ALL OVER THE MAYOR'S HOUSE!

SOPPY OLE SCROGGINS

HUH! SO **THAT'S** WHAT THEY THINK I LOOK LIKE! I SHALL WASH IT OFF!

OOER!

SPLOSH!

FOOLED YOU! THAT'S BLACK PAINT—*NOT* WATER! YOU'LL COP IT!

CRIKEY! I MUST APOLOGISE TO THE MAYOR AT ONCE! *AND* OFFER TO REPAINT HIS WALL!

TAP TAP

THAT'S NOT LOUD ENOUGH! NO ONE WILL HEAR THAT! BUT GET A LOAD OF **THIS**!

CRASH!

OH, MR. MAYOR, SIR! THESE BRATS BROKE DOWN YOUR DOOR!

AND A JOLLY GOOD THING, TOO! THE DOOR HAD JAMMED! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO OPEN IT FOR HOURS! HAVE THIS BAG OF WALNUTS!

OW! THESE NUTS ARE HARD TO CRACK!

BAH! I'LL CRACK 'EM!

OOF!

I'LL—I'LL PULVERISE 'EM!

POING!

CRACK!

PING!

PING!

SPLAT!

POING!

VANDAL! DISTURB THE PEACE, EH?

COME HERE!

B-BUT!

WELL, HE MANAGED TO CRACK MOST OF 'EM! LET'S EAT!

A BARROW BOY GETS NO CHANGE OUT OF OUR CHEEKY LADS AND LASSES NEXT MONDAY!

Hi, mates!

BUSTER'S BIRTHDAY CLUB

Club time again, chums, and as usual there are prizewinning birth dates to check, more members to meet, and letters that win cash awards. But enough from me—let's start this week's fun!

Your pal, BUSTER.

PRIZES FOR BIRTH DATES

15th April, 1955
20th December, 1956
18th August, 1957
1st October, 1958
22nd July, 1959
6th February, 1960

WANT to win one of the super prizes shown here? If the *exact* day, month and year of your birth is printed above—and providing you sent in to join my Club before Monday, 5th February—you can choose any one of these awards: **Pocket Knife, Writing Folder, Fountain Pen, Model Vintage Car Kit, Disguise Outfit.**

Write your choice on a postcard, with your full name, address and date of birth. Now win your prize by solving this simple puzzle:

BRIAR HACK HIGH PRANK

Just change one letter in each of the above words to find four boys' Christian names. List them on your postcard and mark it "DATES" in the top left corner (address side). Post to reach the Club by **Thursday, 22nd February.** (Overseas members have until 13th June, 1968.)

Remember, you must not send in again if you have already received a Birth Date Award.

From you to me...

Each letter printed wins a cash award, members, so if you haven't written to me—and even if you have—get busy! I like to get letters—you write 'em and I'll try to print 'em!

I recently heard from a Warrington member, **J. Keery.** He enclosed a photo of his younger brother (aged one) and explained: "He is a keen fan of your comic—he likes it so much he eats it!" It's nice to see youngsters developing good taste in literature!

Bristol member **Steven Butt** writes to tell me how much he too, enjoys Buster. "Buster is well worth sevenpence for all the fun and thrills it contains. Keep up the good work!" Thank you, Steven, we certainly will.

DO YOU KNOW THESE CLUB MEMBERS?

Stretford member Stephen Crawford, aged 11, likes tennis, swimming and reading BUSTER and GIGGLE!

Meet Nigel Gale, 12, of Leicester. His hobbies include collecting model cars and stamps. He also enjoys football.

★ **MY ADDRESS: Buster's Birthday Club, 1-2 Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.)** ★

OUT NOW! Two great all-action stories of men at war—in vivid pictures throughout!

TEETH OF BATTLE (No. 105)

Untried and untested, they were made to learn the bitter craft of war in the most savage battleground of all!

SNIPER! (No. 106)

He was tired, too battle-weary to lead on. But for the sake of his platoon, he was determined to force himself till he dropped . . .

1/- EACH

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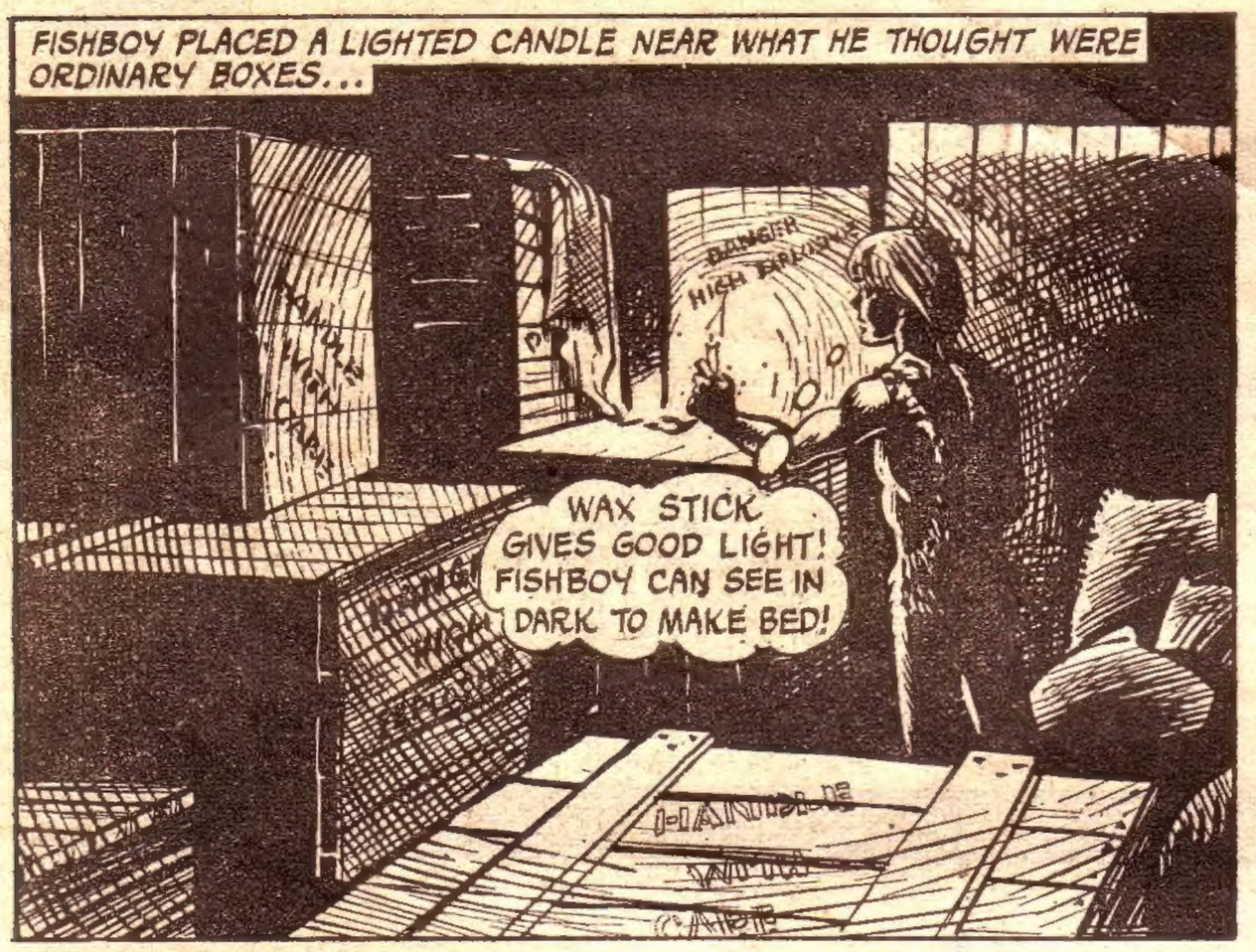
LION PICTURE LIBRARY

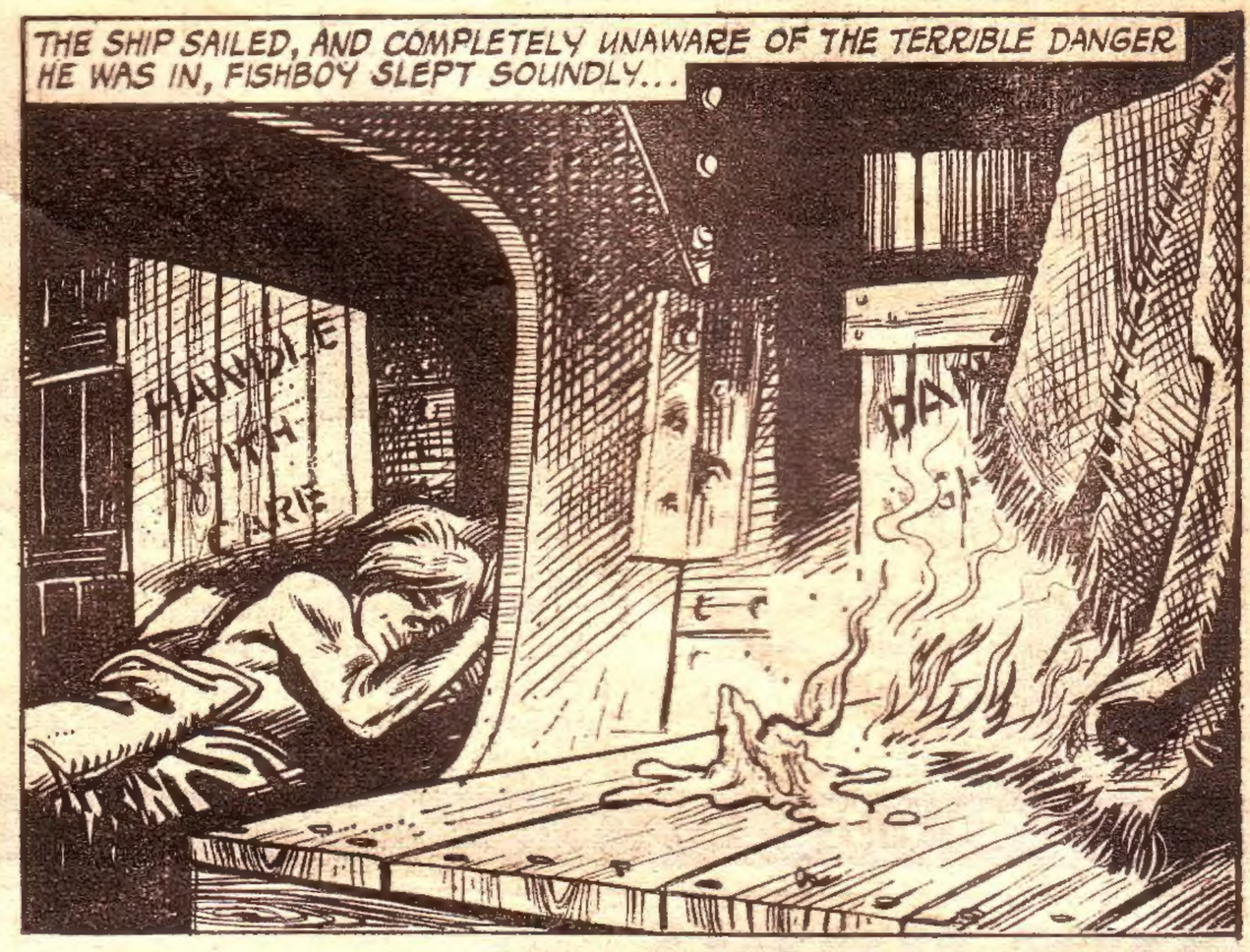
From newsagents and booksellers everywhere!

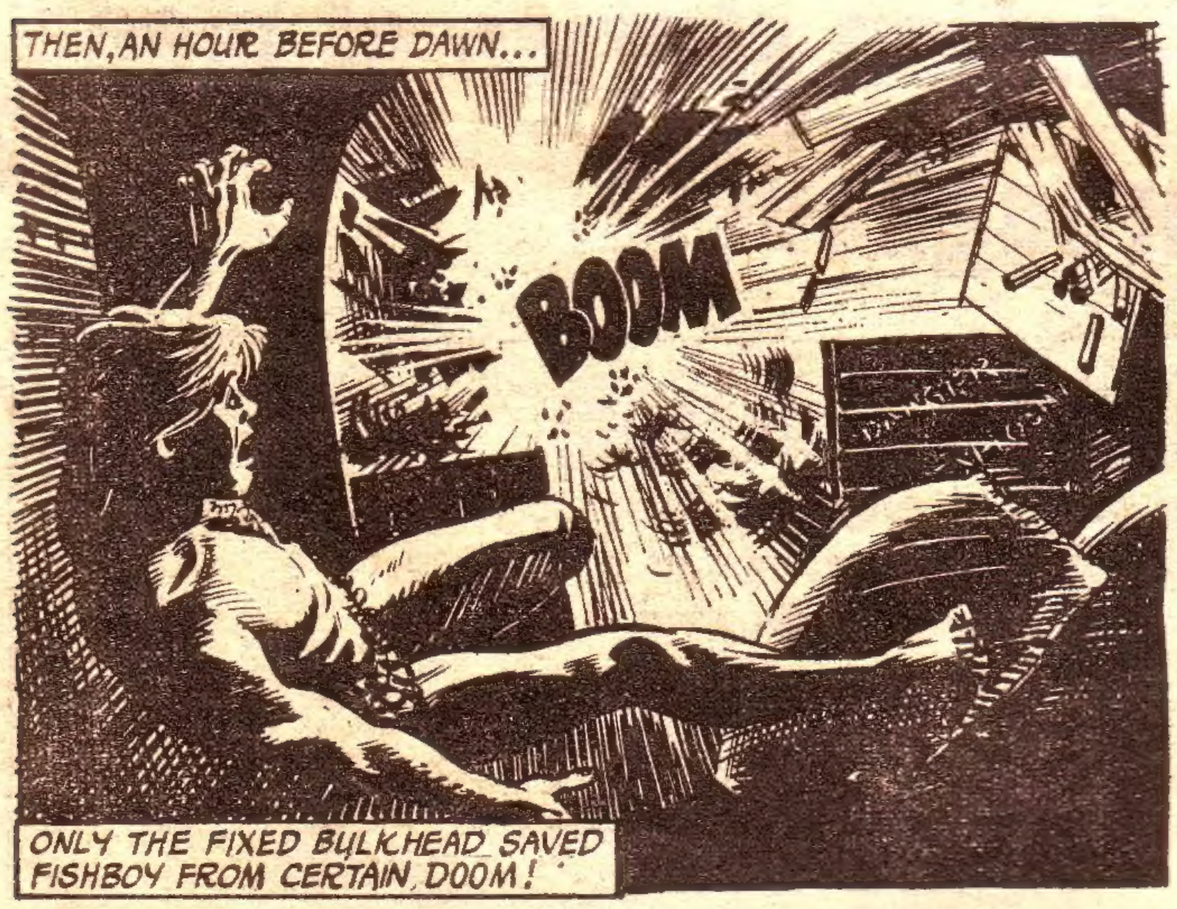
FISHBOY SLEPT ON, UNAWARE OF THE TERRIBLE THREAT ONLY YARDS AWAY!

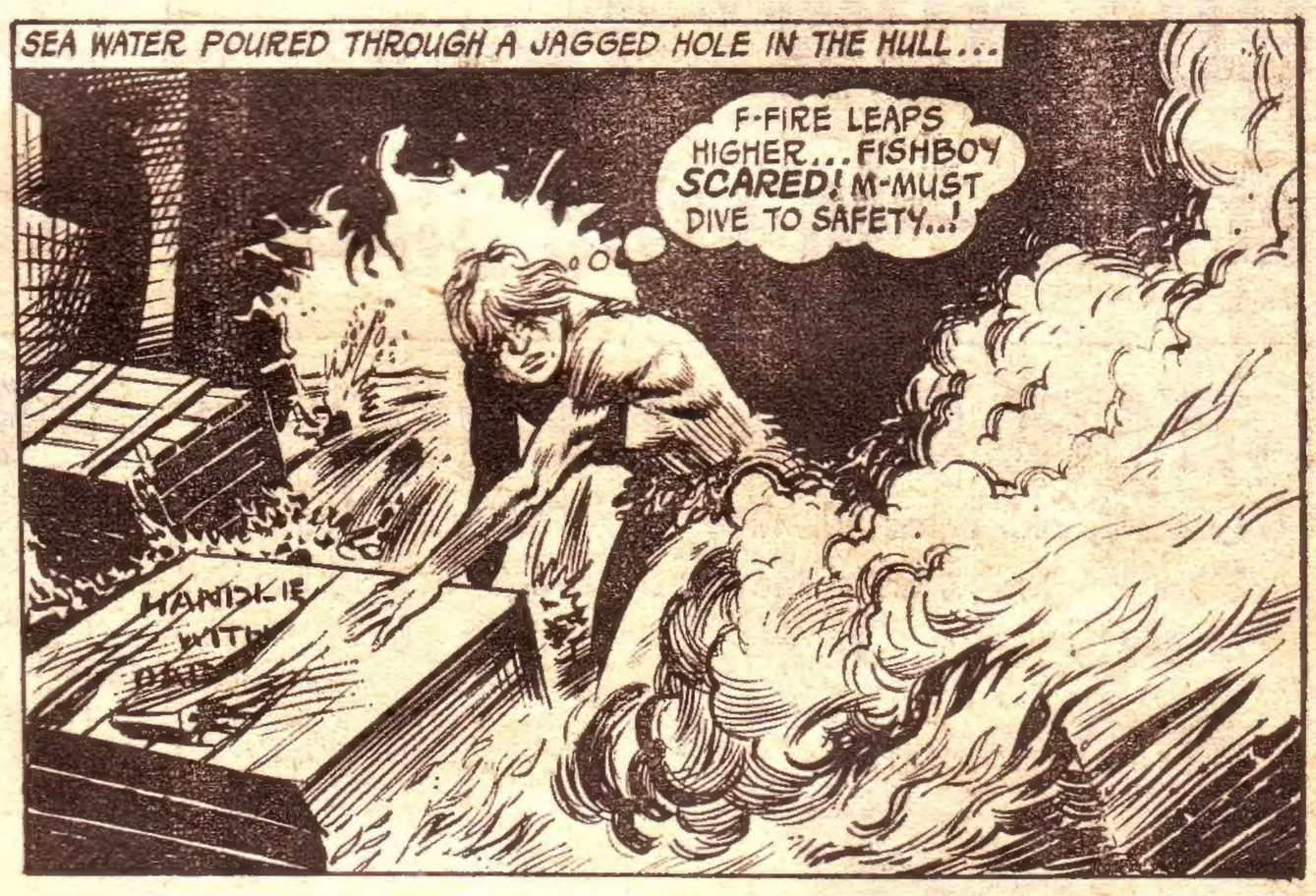
FISHBOY
Denizen of the Deep

Stranded on a desert island as a child and forced to obtain his food from the sea, Fishboy gradually developed slightly webbed hands and feet and learned to breathe underwater as easily as a fish. After discovering that his parents might still be alive and living in London, he set off to find them. Reaching Colombo, in Ceylon, he stowed away on a cargo ship bound for England . . .









SWIFTLY, HE DIVED DEEP...

CLLOOPAG!

CLLOOPAG!

FISHBOY'S STRANGE, BURBLING CALL ECHOED THROUGH THE WATER. AND SECONDS LATER...

PRAL..BUK!

SUGKIL?

TUSSS-KA!

BLUUKEST!

REMARKABLY, THE OCTOPUS UNDERSTOOD...AND THE COMPANIONS STREAKED BACK TO THE SHIP...

MOVE CLOSER, GIANT ONE! PULL! PULL HIM FREE!

GENTLY, THE INJURED MAN WAS HOISTED TO SAFETY...

A MILLION THANKS! NOW STEM SEA FROM OUTSIDE WHILE FISHBOY BLOCKS HOLE!

PUGG-HUVSH!

FISHBOY WORKED FRANTICALLY, AND THE GAPING HOLE WAS PLUGGED...

M-MAN INJURED...FISHBOY MUST GET HIM TO HIS FRIENDS..!

INCH BY INCH, HE HEAVED THE INJURED SAILOR UP TOWARDS THE DECK...

HEY, LOOK! WHO THE BLAZES IS THAT YOUNGSTER?

SEARCH ME... BUT HE MUST HAVE HAD *SOMETHING* TO DO WITH THAT EXPLOSION!

THE KID'S A STOWAWAY— AND JOE'S HURT!

THEN GRAB THE BRAT! HE'S GOT A WHOLE LOT OF EXPLAININ' TO DO!

AAAH..!

FRIGHTENED BY THEIR ANGRY VOICES, FISHBOY RAN...

AFTER HIM! THE YOUNG FOOL'S TRYING TO SWARM UP THE MAST!

FIRE A ***WARNING SHOT*** OVER HIS HEAD, SAM... THAT'LL STOP HIM!

HASTILY, THE SAILOR FIRED, BUT PANIC SPOILT HIS AIM...

GAAAH!

GOOD GRIEF, THE BULLET'S RICOCHETTED OFF THAT WIRE. ***HE'S HIT!***

WILL FISHBOY PLUNGE TO HIS DOOM? BE SURE TO READ NEXT MONDAY'S EXCITING CONTINUATION!

WONDER WORM TURNS UP DOWN UNDER — IN SEARCH OF ENGLAND'S LOST RAVENS !

Wonder Worm

THE RAVENS FROM THE TOWER OF LONDON HAD FLOWN AWAY AFTER BEING GIVEN A FRIGHT BY **WONDER WORM**. ACCORDING TO LEGEND, ENGLAND NOW FACED DISASTER . . .

COME AND BUY SOME GENUINE CROWN JEWELS! **GOING CHEAP!** ENGLAND NEEDS THE MONEY!

ROOMS TO LET

GEE! LET'S SEE, BUD!

FOR SALE

2/6 A DOZEN

GUIDE BOOK

MEANWHILE... COMING UP IN AUSTRALIA . . .

OH, DEAR! I'VE SEARCHED **EVERYWHERE** FOR THOSE RAVENS! BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF 'EM! I MUST GET THEM BACK TO ENGLAND SOON!

STRIKE ME LUCKY— **A POMMIE WORM!** LET'S HAVE HIM FOR TUCKER! SQUAWK!

GOOD ON YER, BLUEY!

AUSTRALIAN GREY PARROTS!

SPLAT

WAIT! NOW LOOK HERE... ER... COBBERS! HOW WOULD YOU ALL LIKE A CUSHY JOB IN DEAR OLD ENGLAND? LOADS OF FREE FOOD... ER... **TUCKER!** YOU'LL EVEN BE PHOTOGRAPHED BY TOURISTS, AND ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS TO PRETEND TO BE **RAVENS!** HOW ABOUT IT?

YOU'RE ON, MATEY!

CAW!

RIGHT! LET'S HITCH A LIFT ON THE NEXT JET FLIGHT TO LONDON. REMEMBER ONE THING, THOUGH— **NO TALKING!** RAVENS ONLY CAW!

WOGGA-WOGGA AIRPORT

CAW! CAW! CAW! CAW! CAW!

CAW! CAW! CAW! CAW!

WHOOPS! I'VE FORGOTTEN ANOTHER IMPORTANT FACT! RAVENS ARE **BLACK!**

AT LAST...

FOR SALE

WE'RE OVER THE TOWER OF LONDON! LET'S GO, COBBERS! FOLLOW ME, THIS IS... ER... A **SHORT CUT!**

CAW! CAW! CAW!

INSIDE THE TOWER...

WHAT THE..? I SAY— OUR JOLLY OLD RAVENS HAVE RETURNED! **ENGLAND IS SAVED!**

JOBS

MARVELLOUS WHAT A TRIP DOWN A CHIMNEY CAN DO!

CAW! CAW! CAW!

LOOK! **THEY'RE BACK!** LET'S OPEN A BOTTLE OF POP TO CELEBRATE!

NO MORE BARGAINING! GIMME THAT BACK! **TOURIST!**

POP

CAW! CAW! CAW!

JOLLY GOOD SHOW! NOW... LET US DRINK A TOAST TO OUR NICE OLD RAVENS..!

POP POP

SPLOSH

CAW!

CAW! YOU GREAT POMMIE PRAWN! **YOU** GREAT APE!! **YOU** BIG ALECK!! YOU'VE SOAKED US!

I SAY! YOU KNOW WHAT? I DON'T THINK THEY **CAN** BE OUR NICE OLD RAVENS, DO **YOU**, CHIEF WARDER?

WORM! WHERE ARE OUR **RAVENS?**

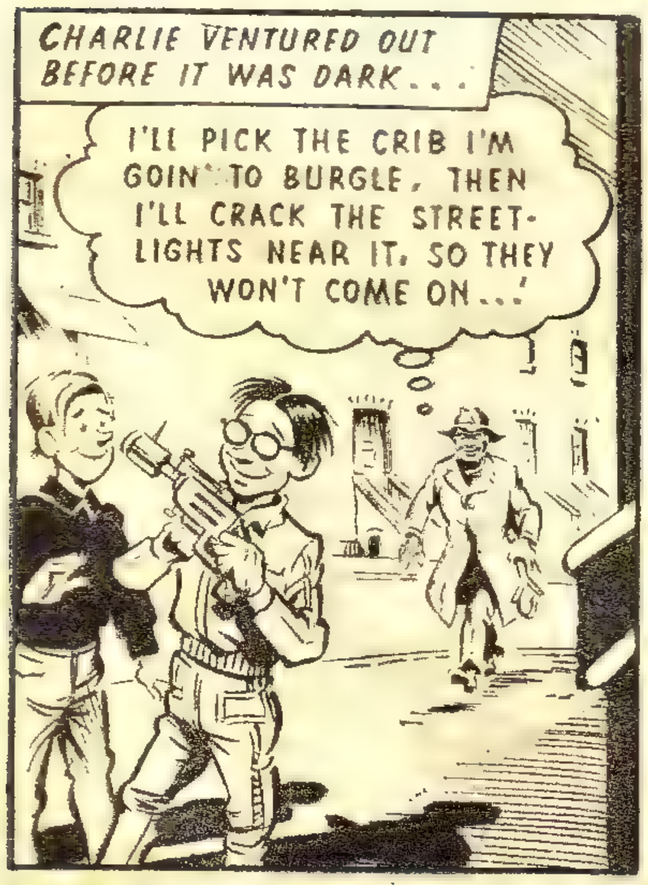
TAKE IT EASY! **ANYONE** CAN MAKE A MISTAKE! I'LL GET 'EM BACK YET! PERHAPS **NEXT WEEK**, EH?

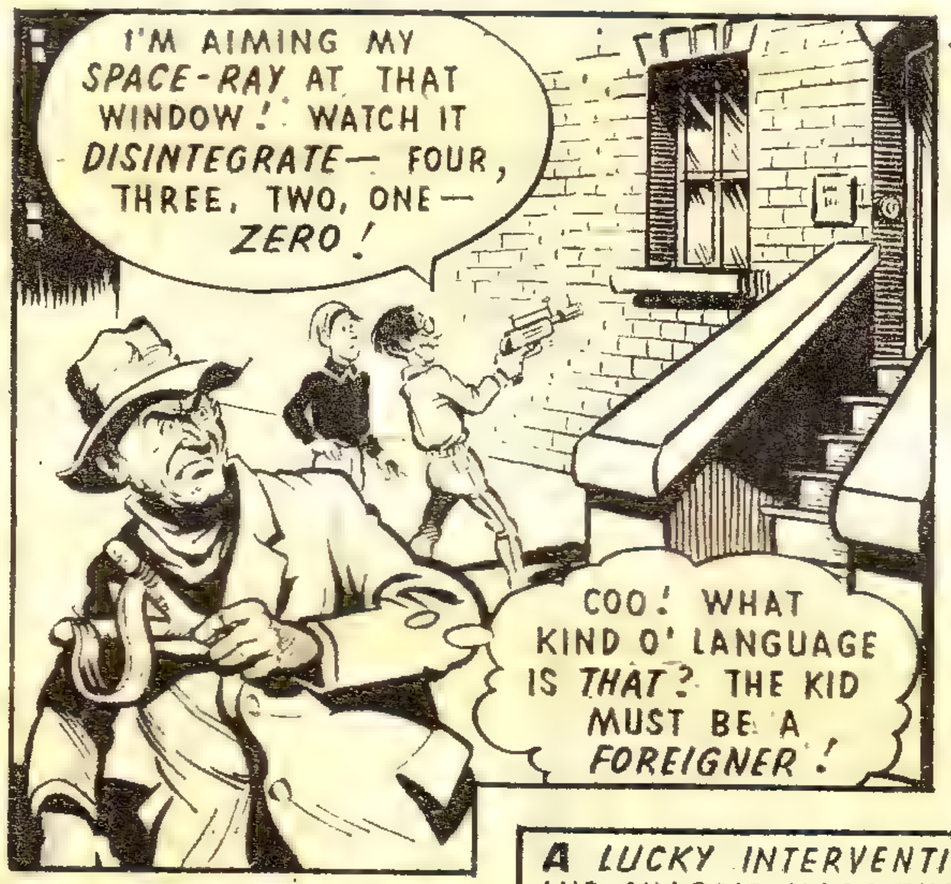
IT'S A CASE OF TRY, TRY AGAIN — AND OUR HERO CERTAINLY HAS A TRYING TIME NEXT WEEK !

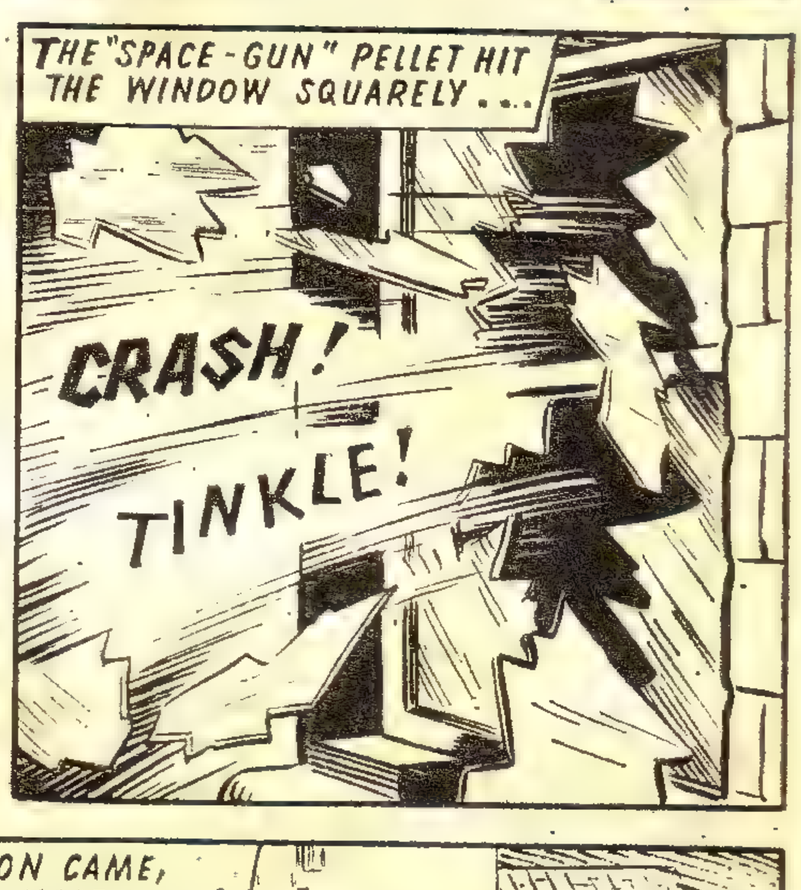
FOR ONCE, CHARLIE WAS INNOCENT—BUT COULD HE PROVE IT?

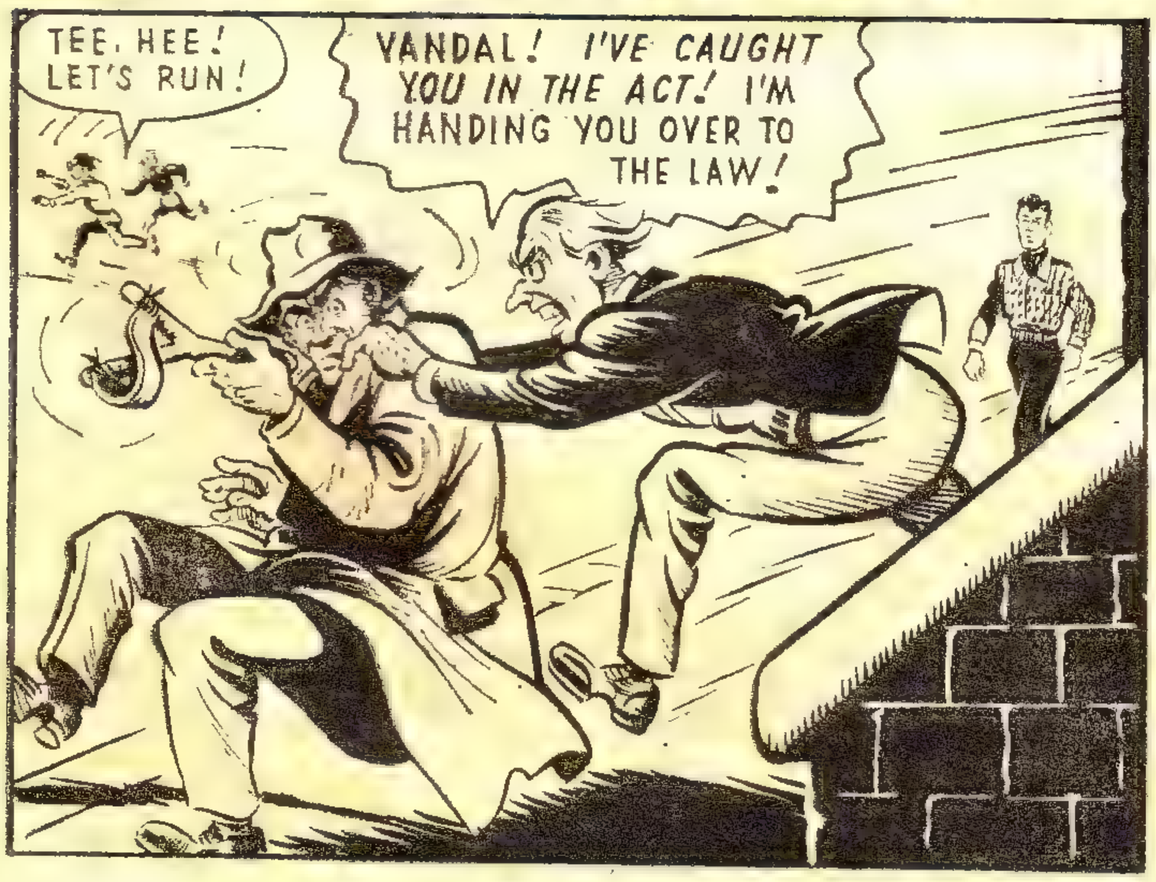
The ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES of Charlie Peace

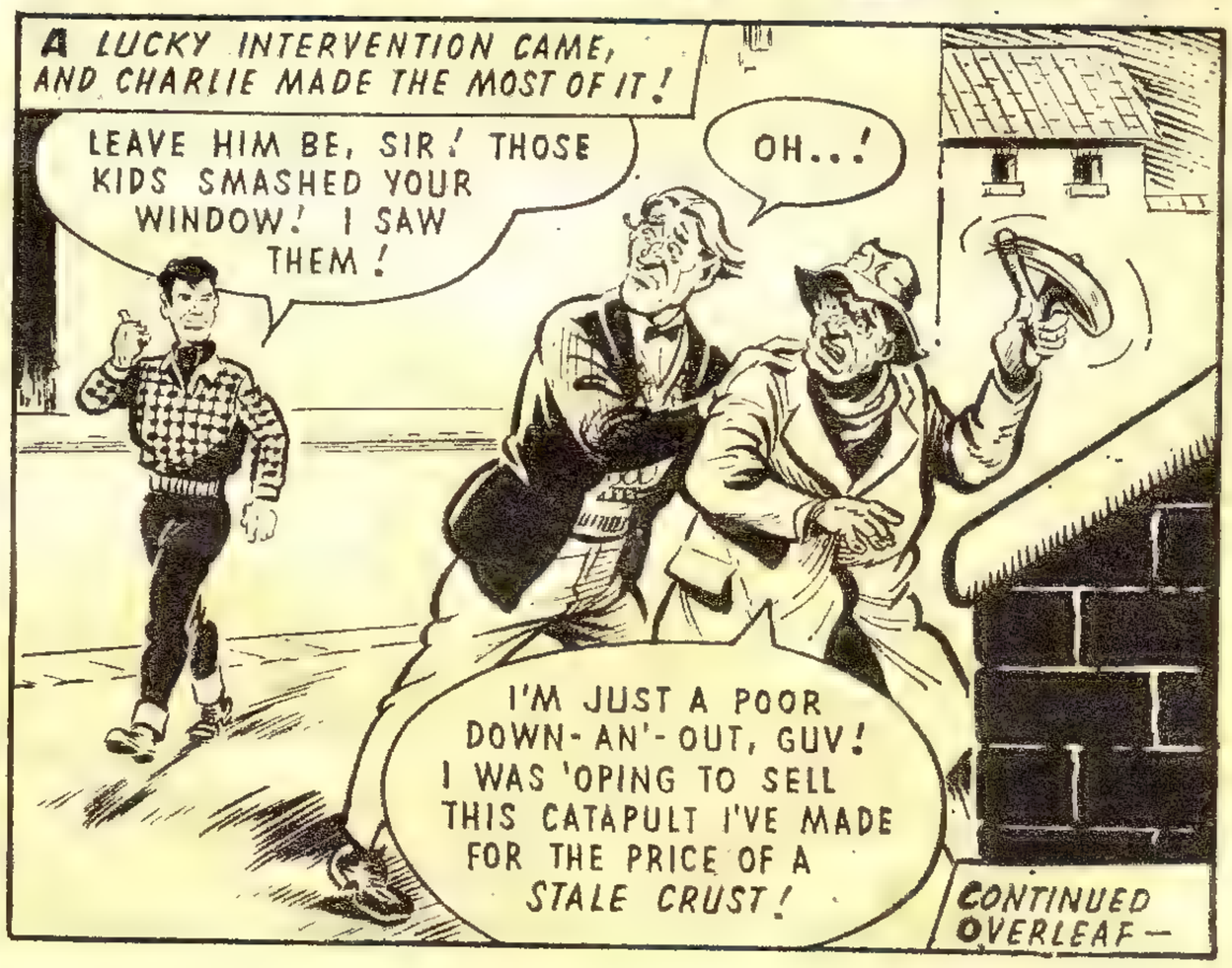
It was early 1968. The day was chilly, so Charlie Peace stoked up the stove in his secret hide-out . . . the cellar beneath the same shabby dockland house he had used almost a hundred years earlier. A time-machine had transported the arch-thief of Victorian times to another era!











A POP-UP TOASTER SPRANG A SURPRISE ON THE ASTOUNDED THIEF!

YOU POOR FELLOW! TO THINK I MISJUDGED YOU! COME INTO THE WARM AND HAVE A MEAL!

HUR, HUR! THIS IS MORE LIKE IT!

A CUP OF STEAMING COCOA WAS SET BEFORE THE ARCH-ROGUE...

IN A JIFFY YOU SHALL HAVE SOME HOT TOAST, SIR!

GIMME YER TOASTING FORK AND I'LL MAKE SOME AT YOUR FIRE-GRATE, GUV!

FORK? GRATE? YOU AMUSING FELLOW! *THERE'S* THE TOAST, NEARLY DONE!

EH? WHERE'S THE BREAD?

PING!

YEE-AAARGH!

AN ELECTRIC, POP-UP TOASTER WAS SOMETHING NEW TO POOR CHARLIE...

GROO! ME DOSE! IT FEELS LIKE ONE BIG BLISTER! YEOW!

YOU CERTAINLY SEEM TO BE A MOST UNLUCKY MAN! I'LL GET SOME OINTMENT!

BR-RR!

THERE CAME A SUDDEN WHIRRING SOUND, AND THEN...

ELECTRIC SLIMMING VIBRATOR

REDUCES THE WAIST-LINE

AH! TRYING MY HEALTH MACHINE, OLD CHAP?

GNAARGH! S-S-SWITCH IT OFF!

ALONE, PEACE GLANCED AROUND FOR SOMETHING TO STEAL...

OHO! 'ERE'S A NICE NEW BELT FOR ME! I'LL SEE IF IT FITS!

AS HE PUT IT AROUND HIS WAIST, THE END-HOOK CLICKED INTO PLACE...

JUST RIGHT! SOON CUT IT LOOSE! ME LUCK'S IN!

CLICK!

YOU'RE SHAKING SO BADLY, SIR! WILL YOU HAVE SOME *VITAMIN JELLY?*

GNNNR! I *AM* A JELLY!

THE NOTORIOUS CROOK WAS ANXIOUS TO LEAVE... BUT NOT EMPTY-HANDED!

HE'S IN WORSE SHAPE THAN I THOUGHT! I'LL MIX HIM A TONIC!

THE BLOKE'S CRAZY; PRETENDIN' TO BE KIND, AN' PLAYIN' NASTY TRICKS ON ME! I'LL SOON OPEN THAT SAFE, GRAB A FEW TRINKETS; AND SCARPER... *FAST!*

FIRST TIME I'VE SEEN A SAFE WITH A *GLASS DOOR!* NEVER MIND, ALL I NEEDS TO DO IS FIND THE COMBINATION..!

BUT... STAY WHERE YOU ARE, YOU RAT, OR I'LL BLAST YOU!

UH?

THIS IS WHERE YOU GET YOURS! IT'S CURTAINS FOR YOU!

THUNK!

YAAAH! N-N-NO! THE FLIPPIN' THING'S ALIVE!

THE TELEVISION PICTURE SUDDENLY VANISHED AS CHARLIE NOTICED HIS DAZED BENEFACTOR...

WHAT A DUMP! LUCKY THAT BLOKE WITH THE GUN 'OPPED IT! I'LL GRAB SOME GRUB FROM THE KITCHEN AND GET OUT AT ONCE!

NORMAL SERVICE WILL BE RESUMED AS SOON AS POSSIBLE

MMMM! WHERE AM I..?

IN THE DARK KITCHEN...

AAH! A PLATE O' SAUSAGE ROLLS AN' A BOX O' NICE GARDEN PEAS! OKAY, CHARLIE BOY, OFF HOME WE GO!

NEAR HIS HIDE-OUT...

I'M FEELIN' PECKISH, BUT I'LL WARM THE SAUSAGE ROLLS UP AFORE I TRY 'EM... MEANWHILE, A FEW JUICY PEAS WILL KEEP ME GOIN'!

ME HAT!

YOWP!

PING!

ZING!

SUDDENLY...

I'VE BEEN STUNG!

UHH!

TCHAH! THEY'RE 'ARD AS BULLETS! THEY MUST BE *YEARS* OLD! THEY'RE **USELESS!**- UNLESS...

Deep-frozen PEAS

LATER, A PATROL OF DOCKLAND POLICE SET OUT FOR THEIR POSTS...

THAT'S WHERE CHARLIE PEACE LIVED IN VICTORIAN TIMES! HE WOULDN'T HAVE STOOD A CHANCE AGAINST OUR MODERN METHODS, MEN!

MUST BE A SWARM OF GIANT GNATS, SARGE!

WHAT ARE THESE?

PEAS! FLYIN' FROZEN PEAS! *STRAIGHT OUT O' SPACE!* NOW I'VE SEEN *EVERYTHING!*

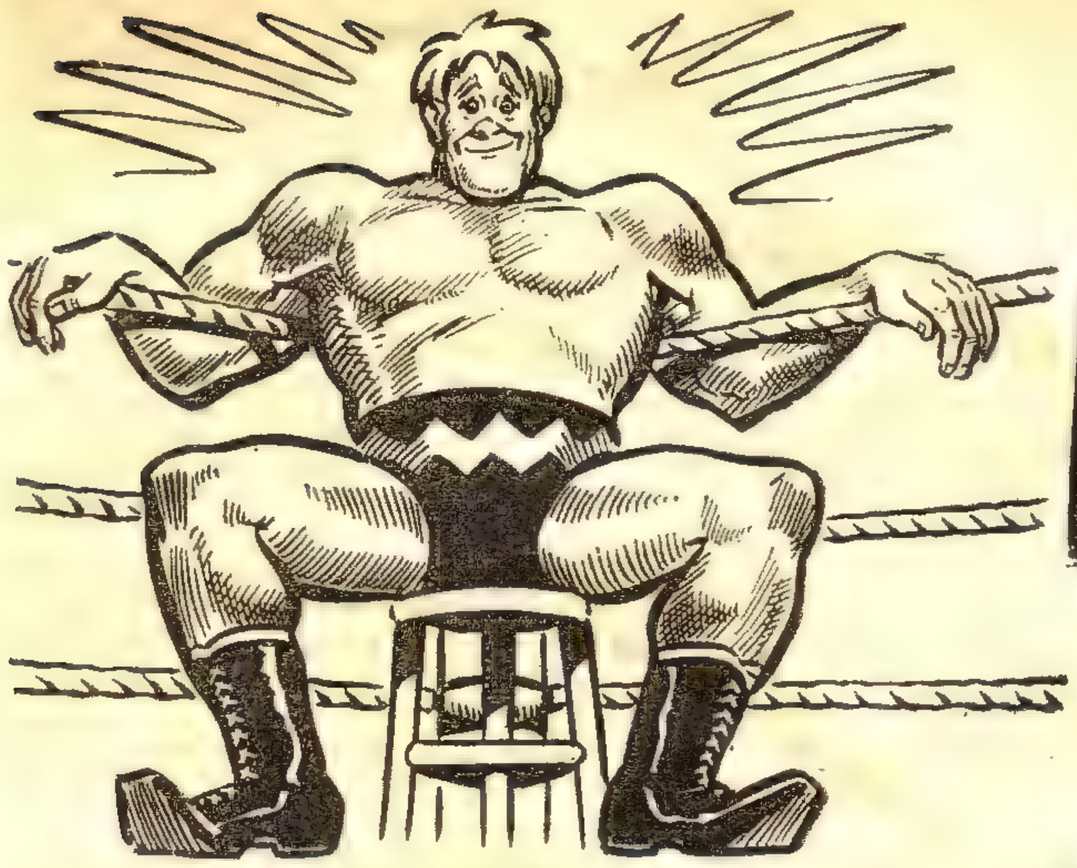
SAFE IN THE CELLAR...

Deep-frozen PEAS

NOT A BAD FINISH TO THE DAY, AFTER ALL! THIS GRUB'S SMASHIN'— AND ME CATAPULT SET THOSE CRUSHERS DANCING! I'LL 'OLD ME OWN IN THE NEW WORLD YET! HUR, *HUR!*

ANOTHER THRILLING EXPLOIT OF CHARLIE PEACE NEXT MONDAY! DON'T MISS IT!

LOCKED ARM IN ARM, NUTTY AND TONGA SET ABOUT TAKING ON ALL-COMERS!



NUTTY SLACK
The GENTLE GRAPPLER

On their way to America, Nutty Slack and his friend, Clarence Todworthy, were captured by the crew of the cargo ship "Tennessee Rose," who threatened to keelhaul Clarence unless Nutty wrestled Chief Tonga, the champion of a rival ship. But Nutty and Tonga refused to fight . . . so the crews of both ships swarmed to the attack!

PACKED INTO BELTS WORN BY NUTTY AND TONGA, WAS THE MONEY WHICH BOTH CREWS HAD WAGERED ON THE FIGHT...

THE BIG APES HAVE DOUBLE-CROSSED US, MATES! KEELHAUL 'EM FOR REFUSING TO FIGHT!

OH, WE DON'T MIND FIGHTING, DO WE, TONGA?

NO SAH, MISTAH NUTTY!

IT'S JUST THAT WE LIKE TO CHOOSE OUR OPPONENTS! WAHAAAY!

BWAAAAAM!

CRUUUNCH!

KING NUTTY

AYEEEEEGH!

NEXT INSTANT, THE AMAZING BATTLE WAS ON WITH A VENGEANCE...

THUD!

CRIKEY! THIS RING'S GETTING CROWDED... I CAN'T SEE OLD CLARENCE!

I'M HERE, MR. SLACK..!

ZOK!

OWWW!

SEIZING THEIR CHANCE, TWO TOUGHS TRIED TO GRAB NUTTY, BUT THE WRESTLING STAR LET FLY WITH HIS FAMOUS COAL-DUMP THROW...

... RATHER THAN GET IN THE WAY, I THOUGHT I'D USE A LITTLE CRAFT, AND GO THROUGH THE RAFT!

VERY NEAT, OLD MATE! YOU SHOULD BE SAFE ENOUGH DOWN THERE!

AHA - YOU DON'T CATCH ME! NOW, LET'S START MAKING A LITTLE ROOM, TONGA!

AWAHA-HEWAH!

CAPTAIN GULLET, THE TREACHEROUS SKIPPER WHO HAD FORCED NUTTY TO FIGHT, WAS SEETHING WITH RAGE...

OUT OF THE WAY, YE USELESS BILGE-RATS! ALL I NEED IS ONE SHOT-!

CAP'N, THERE ISN'T TIME... WE'VE GOT COMPANY!

TWO SPEEDING MOTOR-BOATS APPEARED FROM NOWHERE...

COASTGUARD PATROL-BOATS, BY THUNDER! THEY MUST HAVE HEARD WE WAS HOLDING AN ILLEGAL PRIZE-FIGHT!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO, SHIPMATES!

ABANDON RAFT! BACK TO THE SHIPS!

'ELLO! I THINK THEY'VE 'AD ENOUGH, TONGA!

NOOOH!

YROOOSH!

AT RECORD SPEED, THE RIVAL CREWS WENT TO WORK...

UP ANCHOR!

HARD A-PORT!

HARD A-STARBOARD!

HARD A-HEARING, SKIPPER!

HA, HA, HA! WE MUST HAVE FRIGHTENED THEM OUT OF THEIR WITS!

THEY'VE EVEN FORGOTTEN...HEE HEE... TO UNTIE THE RAFT-ROPES!

OH, NO!

FULL AHEAD BOTH!

EEEEEK

AND AS THE TWO SHIPS MOVED OFF IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS...

KRRR—AAAAAK!

YAAAAOWWWW!

JUST AS I FEARED... GLOOP!

NUTTY, CLARENCE AND TONGA VANISHED IN A FLURRY OF FOAM...

AVOID THAT WRECKAGE, XK7! YOU PURSUE THE 'ROSE', AND I'LL TAKE THE 'PRIDE OF WIGAN'!

AYE, AYE, SIR! THEY'LL GET SIX MONTHS HARD LABOUR FOR THIS!

NO-ONE ABOARD THE PATROL-BOATS SAW THE THREE HEADS BOB UP ASTERN...

HOY! COME BACK! THROW US A LIFEBELT OR SOMETHING!

IT'S NO USE, NUTTY! I'M AFRAID THEY ARE OUT OF EARSHOT!

WELL, AT LEAST WE'VE STILL GOT THE PRIZE-MONEY, MATES! THERE SHOULD BE A THOUSAND QUID IN THESE BELTS! WE'RE RICH! YIPPEEEEE!

A FORTUNE INDEED, MR. SLACK...!

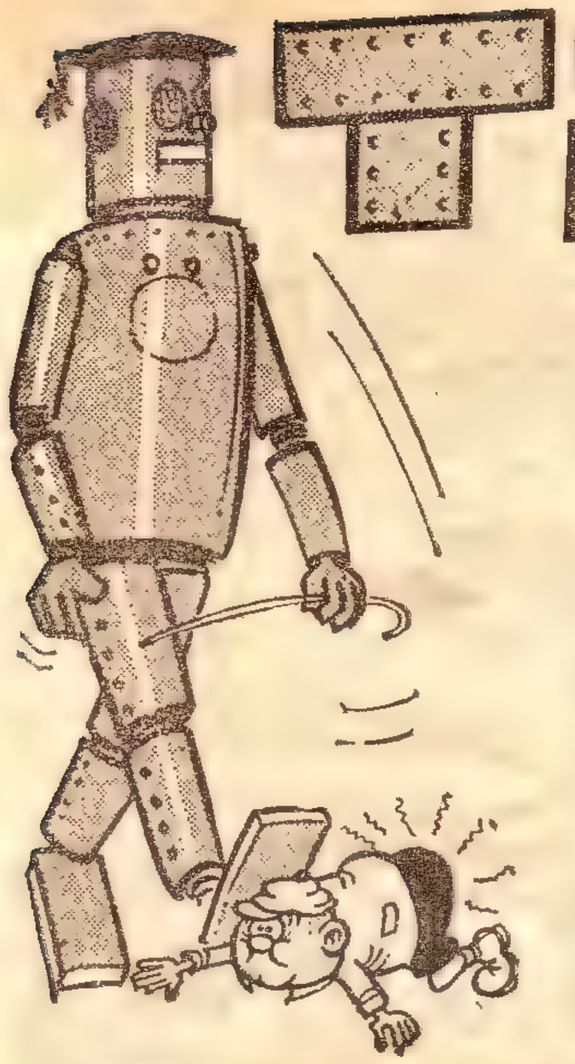
...BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO SPEND IT, WHEN THE NEAREST DRY LAND IS FIVE MILES AWAY?

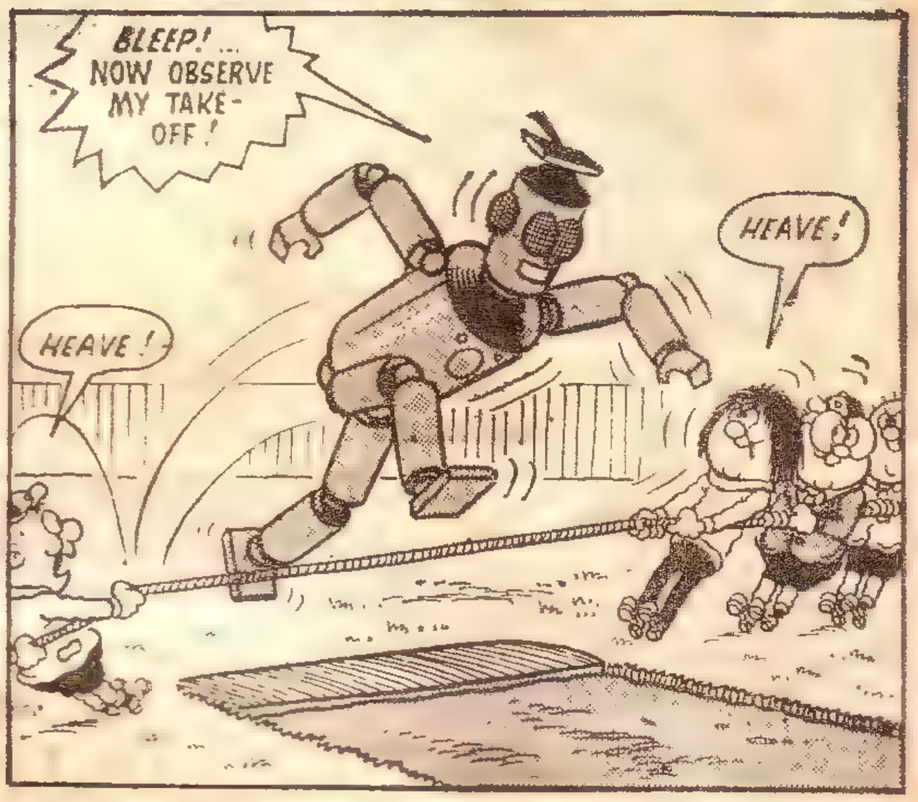
UUUUULP! THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER TO THAT, CLARENCE... HAAAALP!

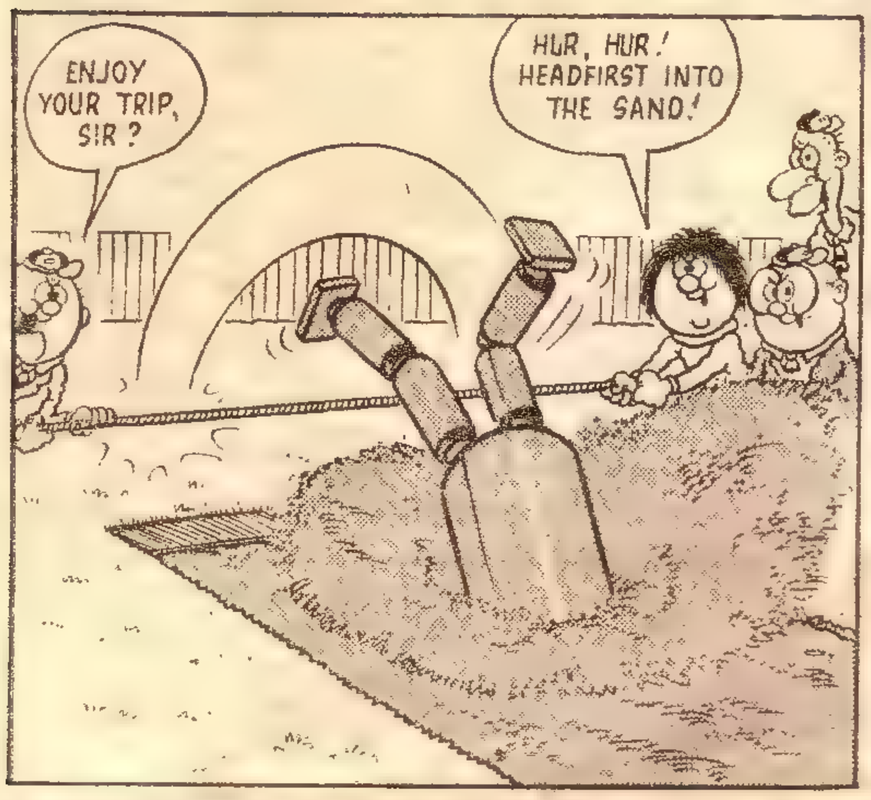
THE COMPANIONS ARE ALL AT SEA! WHAT WILL HAPPEN NOW? READ ON NEXT WEEK!

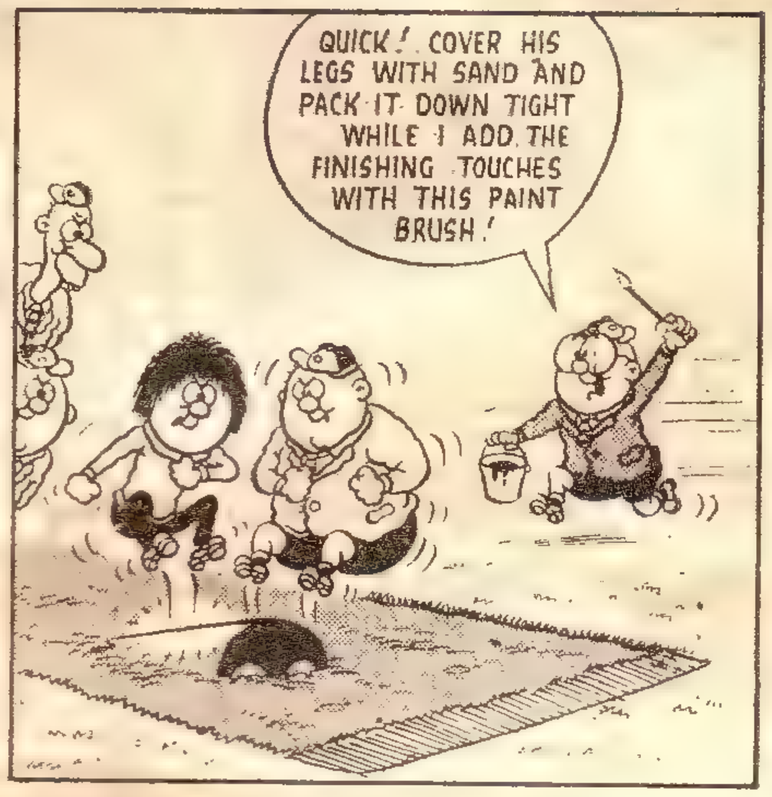
T-T RUNS INTO TROUBLE — HE'S HEADING FOR A FALL!

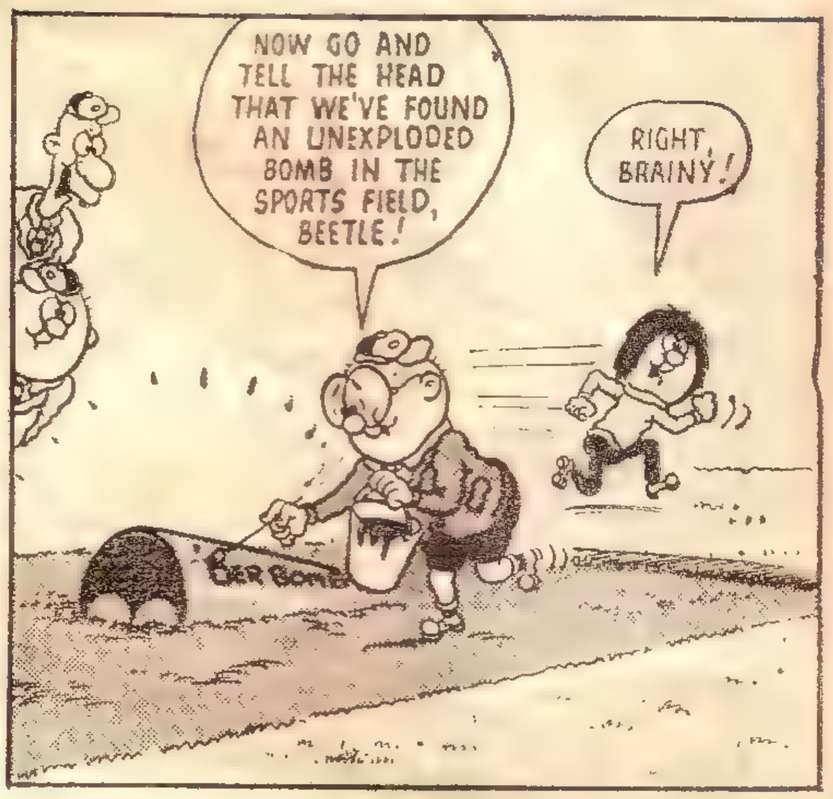
TIN TEACHER



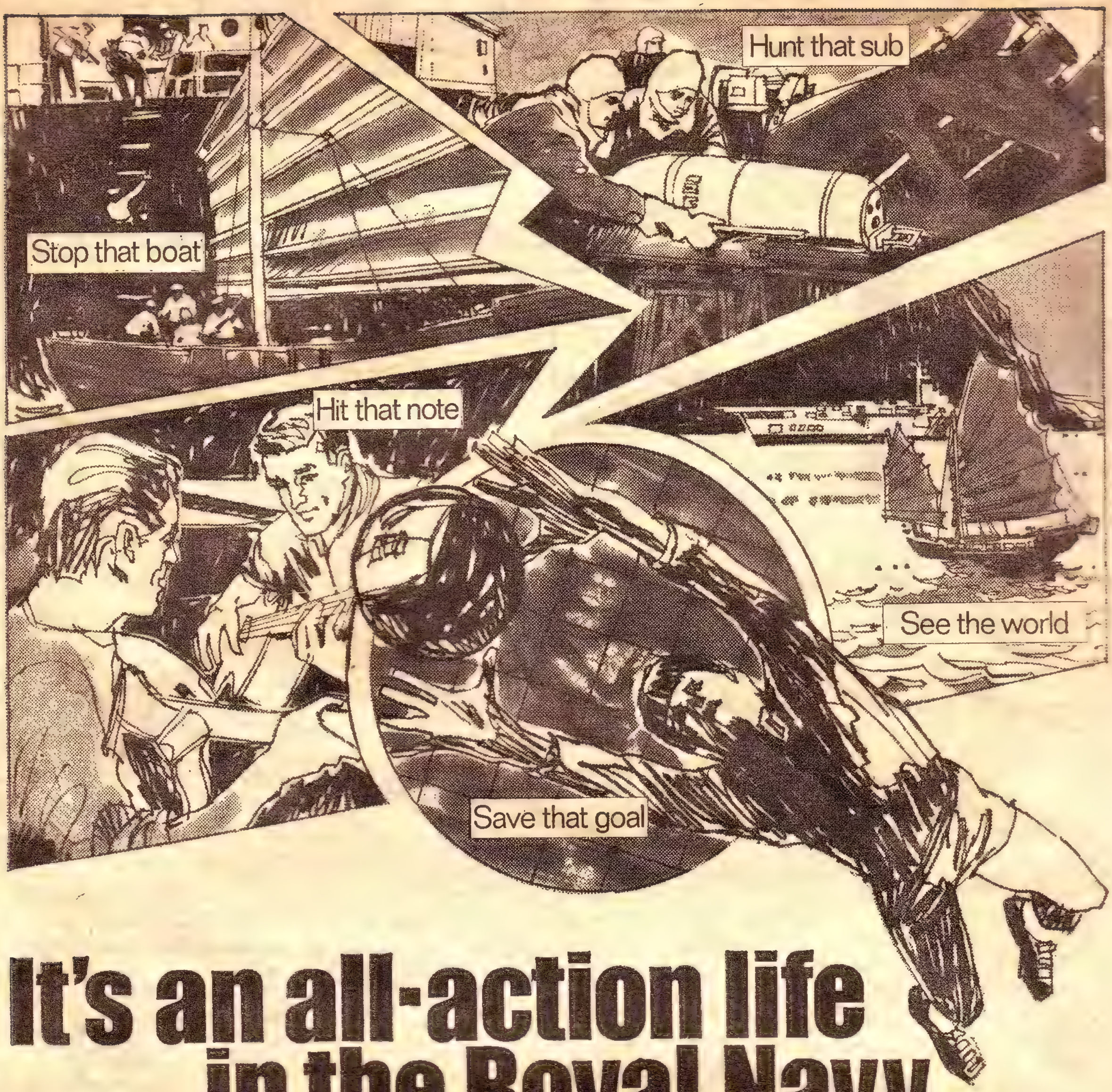








THERE PROMISES TO BE AN EXPLOSIVE START TO NEXT MONDAY'S EPISODE! DON'T MISS THE FUN!



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(Enquiries from U.K. residents only)

THE COMPANIONS' PLAN DESERVED PRAISE — EVEN MUSH GAVE THE GROUP A HAND!

MERVYN'S MONSTERS

Mervyn, boy wonder of M.U.M. (Mervyn's Undercover Monsters), set out with his monsters to challenge Oscar Mush of C.R.U.S.H. (Crafty Rascals' Union of Saboteurs and Hoodlums). Both sides wanted possession of a phial of extra-powerful explosive . . .

CREAK

PLOP

MERVYN DUMMY TARGET

GRR! I'M GOING TO FINISH OFF MERVYN AND HIS MONSTERS!

WHAT'S OL' MUSH UP TO?

BRRRM WOBBLE

BRRM

SNIGGER!

HAR, HAR! I'VE TURNED THE JET-CLOUD UPSIDE DOWN! MERVYN AND HIS MONSTERS HAVE GOT A LONG WAY TO FALL!

QUICK – YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, ELVIS! WE'LL FOOL OL' MUSH!

RIGHTO, MERVYN!

SILENT SNIGGER

PUFF!

GALLOP

SCAMPER

GOOD OLD ELVIS HAD SUCKERS ON HIS FEET, SO HE COULD RUN BACK UP TO THE TOP OF THE CLOUD WITHOUT FALLING OFF — CARRYING MERVYN AND HIS PALS!

I CAN'T SEE 'EM... THEY MUST HAVE FALLEN OFF! HAR, HAR!

SHOVE!

CLICK!

WHIRR!

HELP!

HEH! THEY DIDN'T FOOL ME! I HEARD THEIR FEET CLUMPING ABOUT ON THE TOP!

FLAP FLAP

PUFF-GASP! THEY'RE TOO HEAVY FOR ME TO HOLD!

GLOOP!

GLOIP!

OINK!

BLOIP!

OINK!

CRUMBS! WE'VE LANDED ON SOME TELEPHONE WIRES!

TWANG!

IT WAS A CASE OF MANY HAPPY RETURNS...

WHEEE!

PLOP!

PYOINNG!

THAT'S THE PILOT'S VIEWING SLIT DOWN THERE!

WE'RE NEARLY AT C.R.U.S.H. CENTRAL, BOSS!

BOILP!

INSIDE THE C.R.U.S.H. JET-CLOUD...

HEY! I CAN'T SEE WHERE I'M STEERING..... THAT MONSTER'S BLOCKING MY VIEW! WE'LL CRASH!

USE YOUR PARACHUTES, LADS... THE CLOUD WILL CRASH INTO THAT CHIMNEY... AND THAT'LL BE THE END OF MERVYN AND HIS MONSTERS!

HAR, HAR!

GULP!

CRUNCH

"BUSTER" AIRMAIL DELIVERY SERVICE

CLUNK

SMASH!

RUN!

CRUNCH!

AFTER 'EM! CLOBBER 'EM WITH YOUR CLUBS —OW!

WE'LL HIDE IN HERE!

FLAP FLAP!

C.R.U.S.H. TOY FACTORY

DON'T STAND THERE STARING... GET THIS CHIMNEY OFF MY HEAD!

COUGH! SPLUT!

HERE ARE THEIR TRACKS LEADING INTO THE FACTORY!

I KNOW YOU'RE HIDIN' IN HERE SOMEWHERE!

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO PLAY WITH SOME OF MY TOYS, EH?

BLEEP!

BZZZZ

CONTROL PANEL

HEH, HEH! I LIKE PLAYIN' WITH MY TOYS!

TOY PUZZLE'S HELMETS

SQUEAKY BALLOONS

RUMBLE RUMBLE

BALL BEARINGS

TOY PLANES

TOY RUBBER ELEPHANT

TOY PAINT BRUSHES

RUBBER BALLS

MARBLES

TOY SOLDIERS

RUN FOR IT! LOOK WHAT'S COMIN'!

MARBLES

TOY HATS

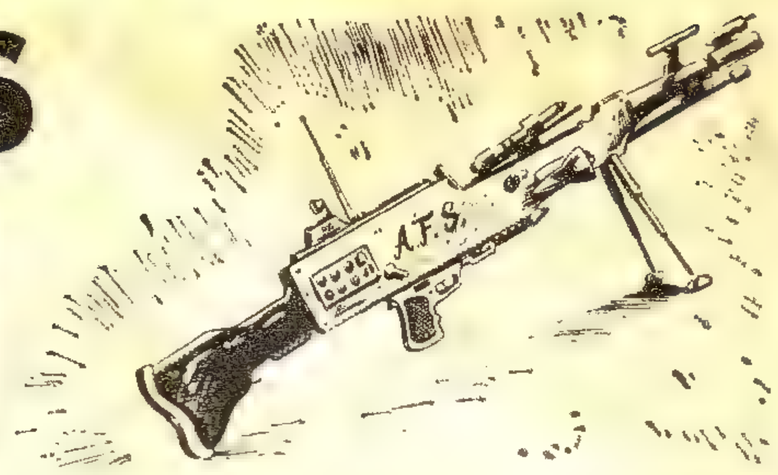
RUMBLE! WHIRRR! RUMBLE!

A LOAD OF GIANT TOY STEAMROLLERS! WE'RE GOIN' TO BE FLATTENED!

MERVYN AND HIS PALS HAVE GOT TO BE ROLLING ALONG — FAST! FOLLOW THE FUN NEXT WEEK!

WITH SECRET WORDS, THE AMAZING GUN WAS TRANSFORMED INTO A REAL WEAPON !

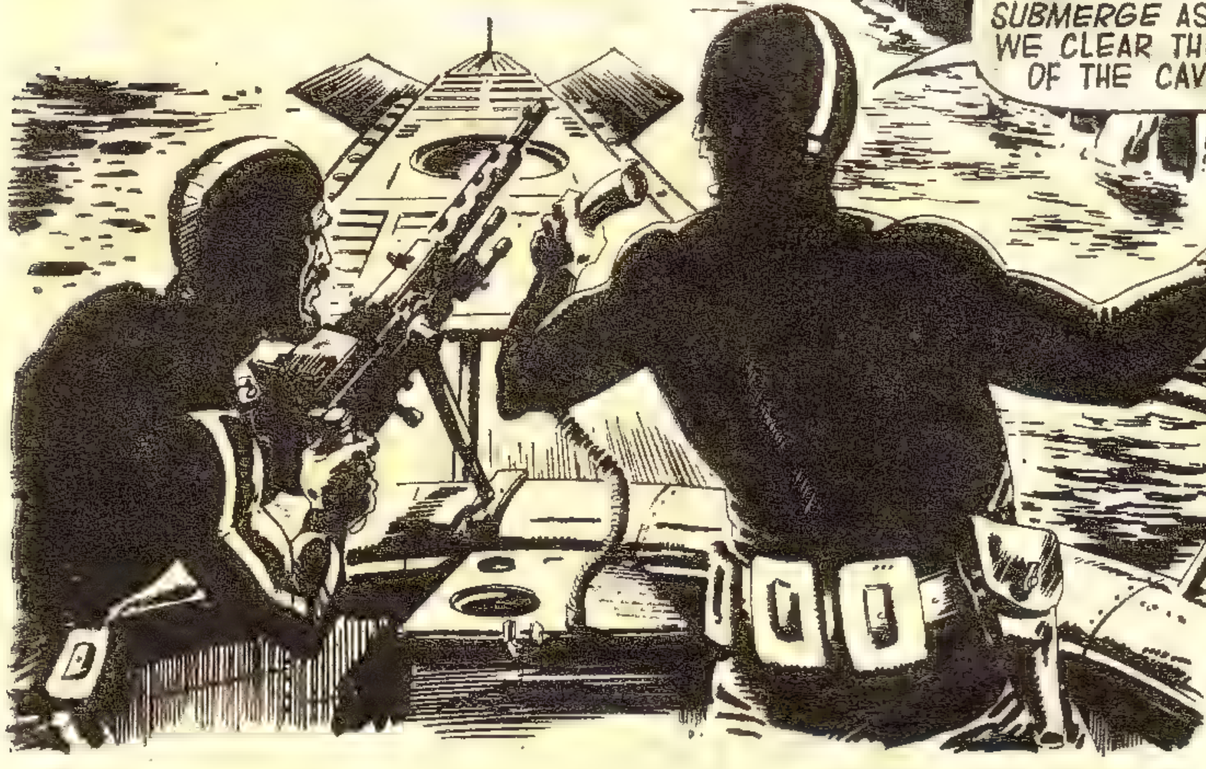
MICKY MARVEL'S MULTI-GUN



Micky Marvel had become the guardian of the Multi-Gun, which, when certain key words were uttered, became a real weapon. Micky's scientist father was kidnapped, and the boy followed the gang to an island. After a fight at sea, Micky tracked his father to a cavern, just as the spies were about to escape in a submarine . . .

I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM! BUT I *DAREN'T* FIRE AT THE SUBMARINE, IN CASE I INJURE *DAD!*

FULL SPEED AHEAD! GET READY TO *SUBMERGE* AS SOON AS WE CLEAR THE MOUTH OF THE CAVERN!



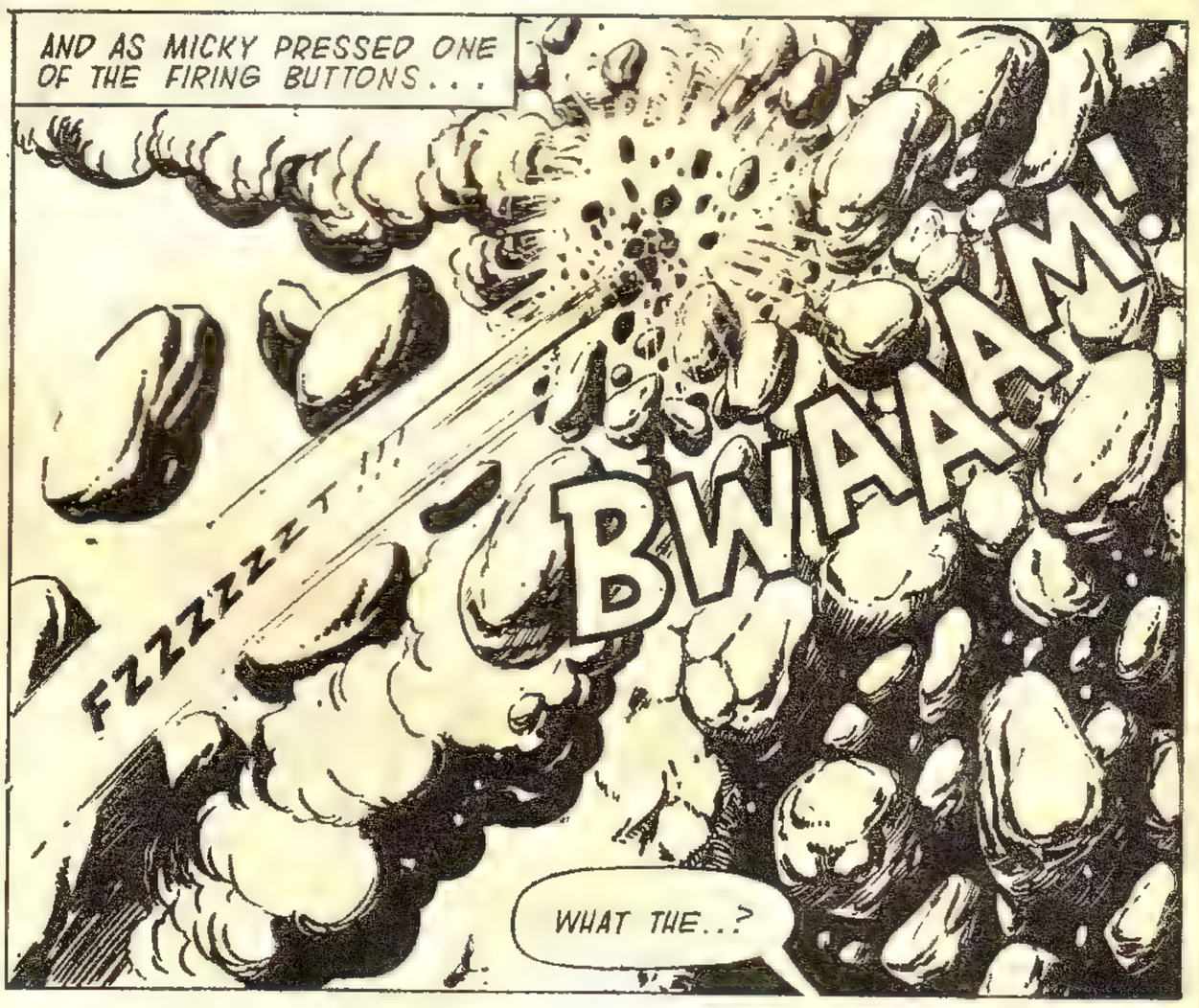
SWIFTLY, MICKY MARVEL TOOK ANOTHER MISSILE FROM ONE OF HIS AMMUNITION POUCHES . . .

PERHAPS THERE'S STILL A CHANCE! BUT I'LL HAVE TO USE A *BLOCKBUSTER ROCKET*— THE MOST *POWERFUL* WEAPON IN MY ARMOURY!

*THE INSTANT THE PLASTIC TOY ROCKET WAS FITTED INTO THE MULTI-GUN, IT BECAME **REAL** . . .*

RIGHT, BANJO... HERE GOES! A.F.S. —AVENGER FROM SPACE!

AND AS MICKY PRESSED ONE OF THE FIRING BUTTONS . . .



WHAT THE..?

STOP ENGINES... REVERSE! THE WHOLE CAVE-MOUTH IS COLLAPSING!

THE THUNDER OF THE AWESOME AVALANCHE SOON DIED INTO SILENCE . . .

YIPPEEEE! IT WORKED, BANJO! WE'VE SEALED THE SUB IN THE CAVERN!

WAAARF!

INSIDE THE BLOCKED CAVERN, THE CROOKS WERE HASTILY ABANDONING THE SUBMARINE. THEIR CAPTIVE, MICKY'S FATHER, NOTICED THE CONFUSION AND ALARM . . .

WELL, WELL! IT SEEMS THAT *SOMEONE* HAS DISCOVERED YOUR LITTLE HIDING-PLACE!

WE'VE STILL GOT *YOU*, MARVEL... AND THAT'S WHAT COUNTS! NOW... MOVE!

GUIDED BY THE RIFLE'S HOMING-DEVICE, MICKY SEARCHED FOR HIS FATHER !

DR. MARVEL STAGGERED UNDER THE FORCE OF THE PUSH, AND THE RESULTING COLLISION SPELT TROUBLE....

HEY... WHAT'S THAT? SOMETHING'S DROPPED FROM HIS CLOTHING !

CLINK!

THE GANG-LEADER POUNCED...

BY THUNDER... IT LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF A... HOMING-DEVICE !

IT MUST HAVE BEEN SENDING OUT SIGNALS ALL THE TIME... LEADING MARVEL'S FRIENDS STRAIGHT TO OUR HIDE-OUT !

NO-!

THE THING'S USELESS ! I... I WAS GOING TO REPAIR IT !

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT ! I'M GOING TO USE THIS GADGET TO LURE WHOEVER'S TRYING TO RESCUE YOU STRAIGHT INTO A TRAP !

MEANWHILE, MICKY WAS STILL FOLLOWING THE SIGNALS WHICH WERE BEING SENT OUT BY THE HOMING-DEVICE...

BLEEP! BLEEP!

NO MATTER WHERE THAT GANG TAKE DAD, THE GUN'S DIRECTION-AERIAL WILL GUIDE US STRAIGHT TO THEM ! THIS WAY, BANJO..!

FIVE MINUTES LATER...

URRF !

BLEEP! BLEEP!

THE SIGNALS SEEM TO BE COMING FROM THAT CLUSTER OF OLD DEFENCE PILLBOXES ! STAY HERE, BANJO... I'M GOING TO TRY AND GET CLOSER WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED !

BUT MICKY MARVEL WAS **EXPECTED**...

BOSS ! THERE'S SOMEONE COMING NOW !

WELL, I'LL BE-! IT'S JUST A KID... ARMED WITH SOME KIND OF TOY GUN !

IT MUST BE THAT BRAT WE SAW APPROACHING THE ISLAND !

THE LITTLE PEST ! WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM OUT OF THE WAY BEFORE MARVEL'S FRIENDS SHOW UP ! LARSEN-!

I'M ON MY WAY, NUMBER ONE !

CONTINUED OVERLEAF-

THE KIDNAPPER'S STEALTHY APPROACH TOOK MICKY UTTERLY BY SURPRISE . . .

HOLD IT, NIPPER! I'M AFRAID YOU CAN'T USE THIS ISLAND FOR A PLAYGROUND TODAY!

OH, MY GOSH..!

BUT EVEN AS MICKY FROZE IN DISMAY, A BLACK-SPOTTED SHAPE CAME HURTLING FROM NOWHERE...

RAAARG!

AAAGH!

GOOD OLD BANJO! THANK THE STARS YOU FOLLOWED ME..!

SNATCHING UP THE MAN'S FALLEN PISTOL, MICKY HURLED IT AWAY . . .

ALL RIGHT, MISTER...GET UP! YOU'RE GOING TO SHOW ME WHERE THE REST OF YOUR GANG IS HIDING... AND DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS!

EH..?

AN INCREDULOUS GRIN SPREAD ACROSS THE FACE OF MICKY'S CAPTIVE . . .

STILL WANT TO PLAY, EH, KID? ALL RIGHT, THEN... IT'S A LONG TIME SINCE I HAD A GAME OF COWBOYS AND INDIANS! HEH, HEH!

GOSH! HE..HE THINKS I'VE ONLY COME TO THE ISLAND FOR A GAME!

ARMS UPRAISED, THE MAN LED THE WAY...

HEY, PARDNERS... YOU MAY AS WELL THROW DOWN YOUR GUNS! THIS SHERIFF IS THE FASTEST DRAW IN THE WEST!

HAH, HAH, HAH! GOOD OLD LARSEN..!

THEN...

YOU...FOOLS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? DON'T LET THAT KID COME ANY CLOSER!

WHAT THE-? IT'S NUMBER FIVE!

THE GASPING, BEDRAGGLED NEWCOMER HAD SWUM ASHORE FROM ONE OF THE BOATS THAT MICKY MARVEL HAD SUNK EARLIER ...

THAT GUN OF HIS ISN'T A TOY... IT'S A REAL ONE! CUT HIM DOWN BEFORE HE GETS A CHANCE TO USE IT ON **US**!

CAN NOTHING SAVE MICKY MARVEL NOW? MORE THRILLS NEXT MONDAY!

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The Swinging Fun Club for Boys and Girls

LOOK! This is what you get for only 2/6d

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2 'Photostamp' offer
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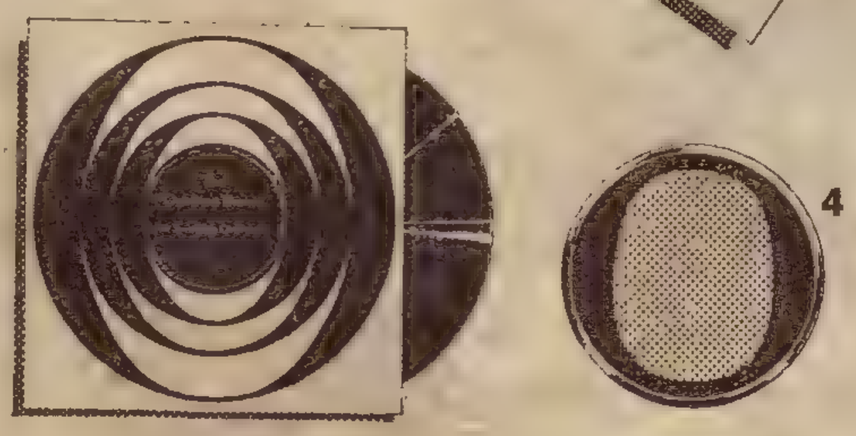

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Please write in CAPITAL letters.

NAME .....

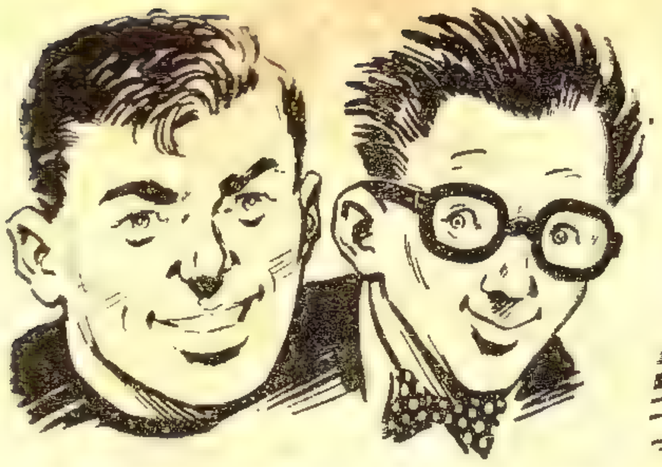
FULL ADDRESS.....

.....

.....DATE OF BIRTH.....

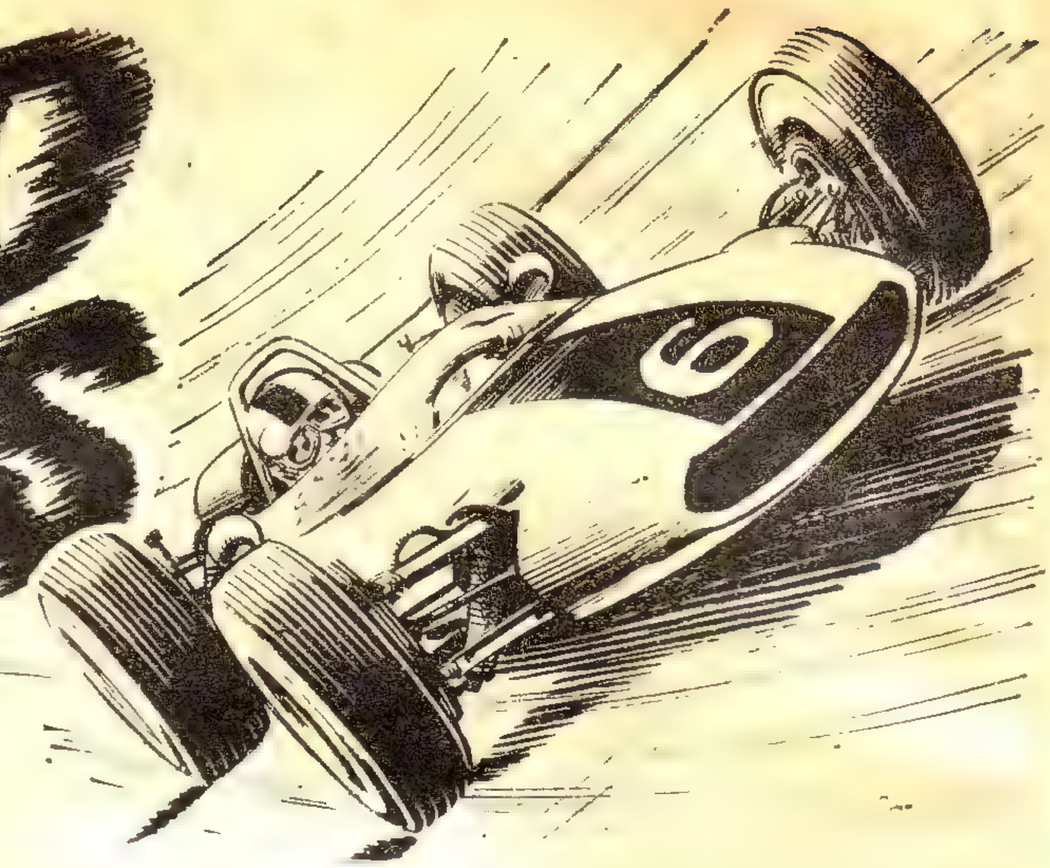
READ THE SPECIAL OVALTINERS CLUB NEWS IN THIS PAPER EVERY FORTNIGHT

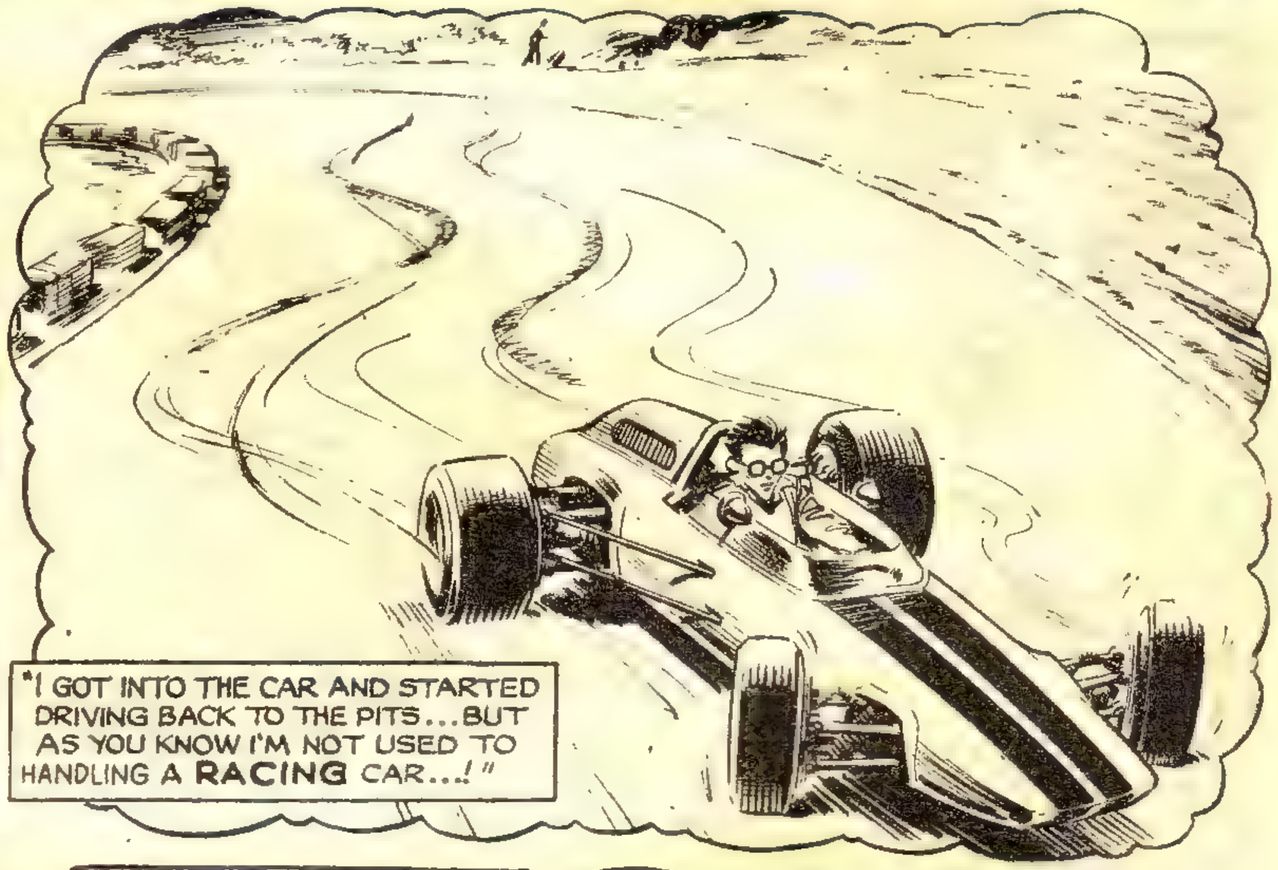
BRAINBOX RELIVED THE DRAMATIC STORY OF HIS ACCIDENT !

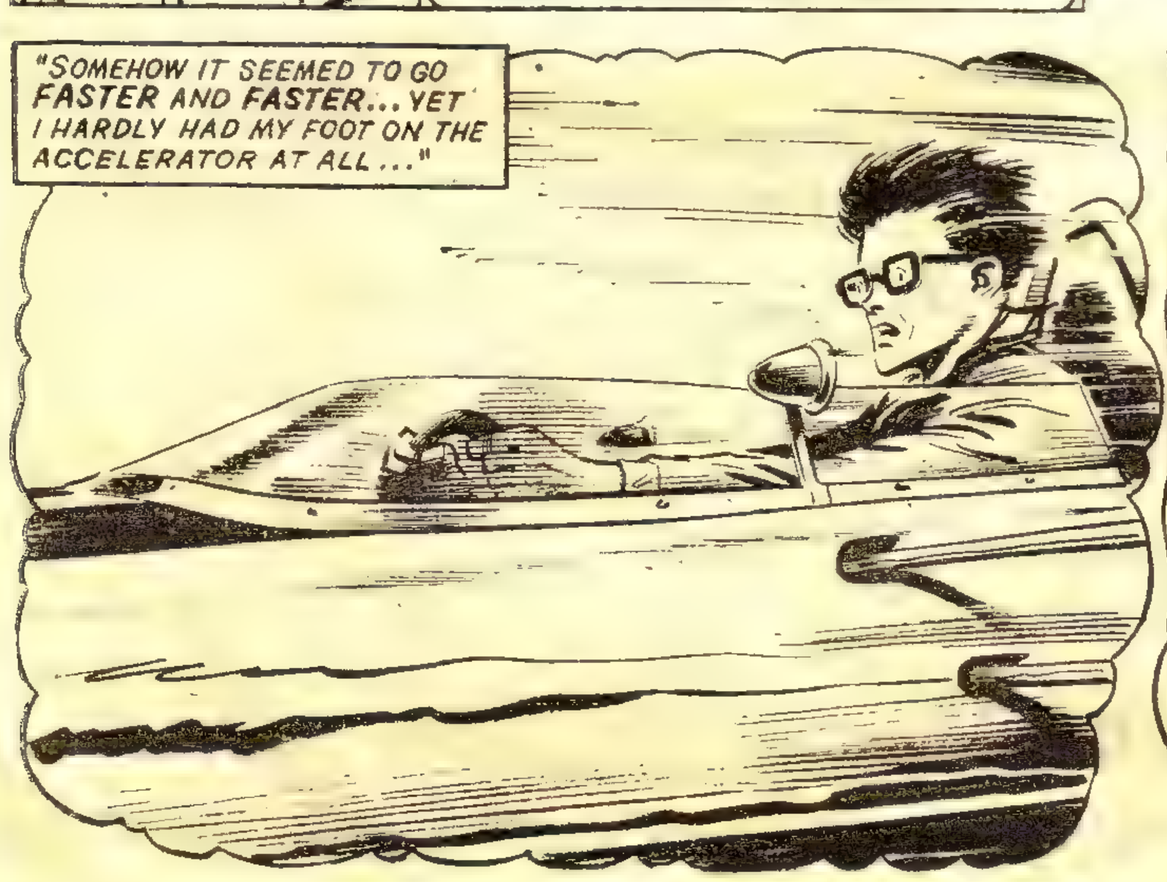


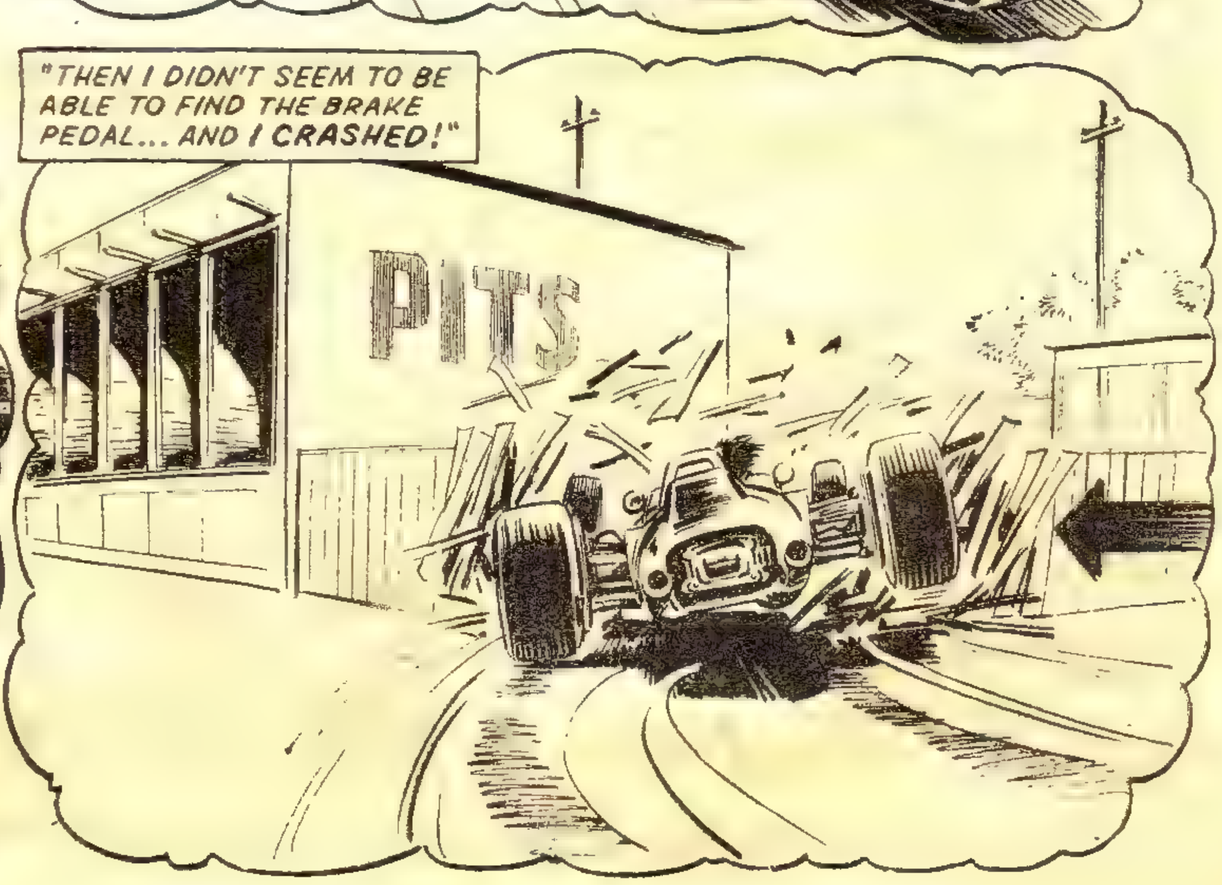
Simon Starr and "Brainbox" Cox entered their new car for a forthcoming event at the Roseberry track. The day before the race a driver crashed, and Simon took him to hospital. Later, Brainbox was carried in on a stretcher . . .

The SKID KIDS









THE SOAPBOX SPECIAL WASN'T DAMAGED MUCH...BUT I GOT A WHACK ON THE HEAD! I-I'M NOT A VERY GOOD DRIVER I FEAR, SIMON!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, PAL... BUT YOU'RE A COMPETENT CHOCOLATE-EATER! WHAT ABOUT OFFERING ME ONE?

I'LL BE FIT AGAIN IN A FEW DAYS, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO RACE THE SOAPBOX SPECIAL TOMORROW, SIMON!

DO YOU THINK I SHOULD, BRAINBOX? I MEAN, THAT CAR SEEMS TO BE BRINGING US NOTHING BUT BAD LUCK!

JUST THEN, WALLY PERKINS, THE DRIVER SIMON HAD BROUGHT TO THE HOSPITAL, HOBBLED IN...

HI! THE NURSE TOLD ME YOU WERE IN HERE, BRAINBOX, SO I THOUGHT I'D COME ALONG AND FIND OUT HOW YOU ARE!

I'M FINE, WALLY! COME IN AND SIT DOWN! HAVE A CHOC!

I WAS JUST TELLING SIMON HE'S GOT TO RACE TOMORROW, WALLY...BUT HE SEEMS TO THINK OUR CAR BRINGS BAD LUCK! FIRST, YOU CRASHED WHILE COMPETING AGAINST THE SPECIAL...THEN I SHUNTED IT!

HECK, THAT'S NONSENSE...!

YOU'LL BE LOSING YOUR NERVE IF YOU START THINKING LIKE THAT, SIMON! YOU'VE GOT TO RACE...TO SHOW EVERYONE THAT THE SOAPBOX SPECIAL IS A REALLY GOOD CAR!

I-I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, WALLY!

SIMON WENT HOME TO BED...BUT SLEEP WAS A LONG TIME COMING...

AM I LOSING MY NERVE? I DUNNO...ALL I DO KNOW IS THERE'S A JINX ON THE SOAPBOX SPECIAL!

HOWEVER, THE UP-AND-COMING DRIVER WAS THERE FOR THE START OF THE BIG RACE NEXT DAY...

IT'S NOT GOING TO BE THE SAME WITH BRAINBOX AWAY FROM THE PITS! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME WE'VE EVER BEEN APART DURING A RACE!

GO!

BACK AT THE HOSPITAL, BRAINBOX LISTENED TO THE COMMENTARY...

SO THE RACE ENTERS ITS TENTH LAP WITH MARTIN STILL IN THE LEAD BY THREE SECONDS! A BIG DISAPPOINTMENT IS THE SOAPBOX SPECIAL WHICH IS BACK IN FIFTH PLACE...!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH SIMON? HE CAN'T POSSIBLY BE GOING FLAT OUT!

AND ON THE TRACK...

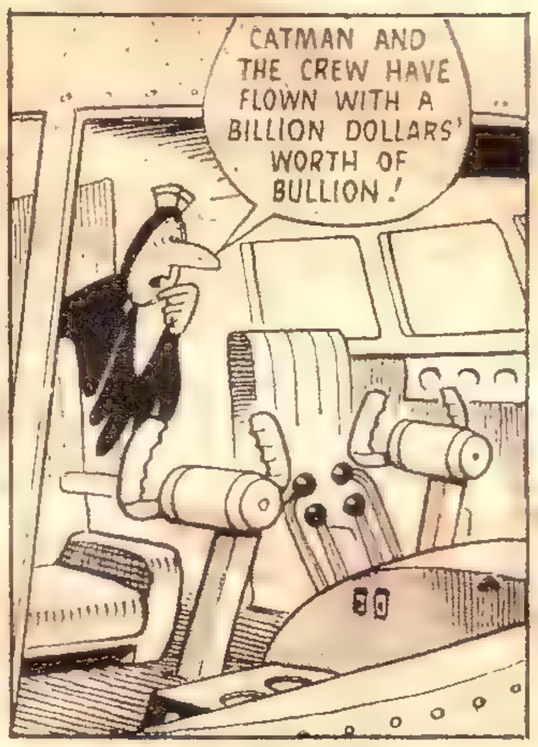
SOMETHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN SOON... I KNOW IT IS! THE JINX IS GOING TO STRIKE AGAIN!

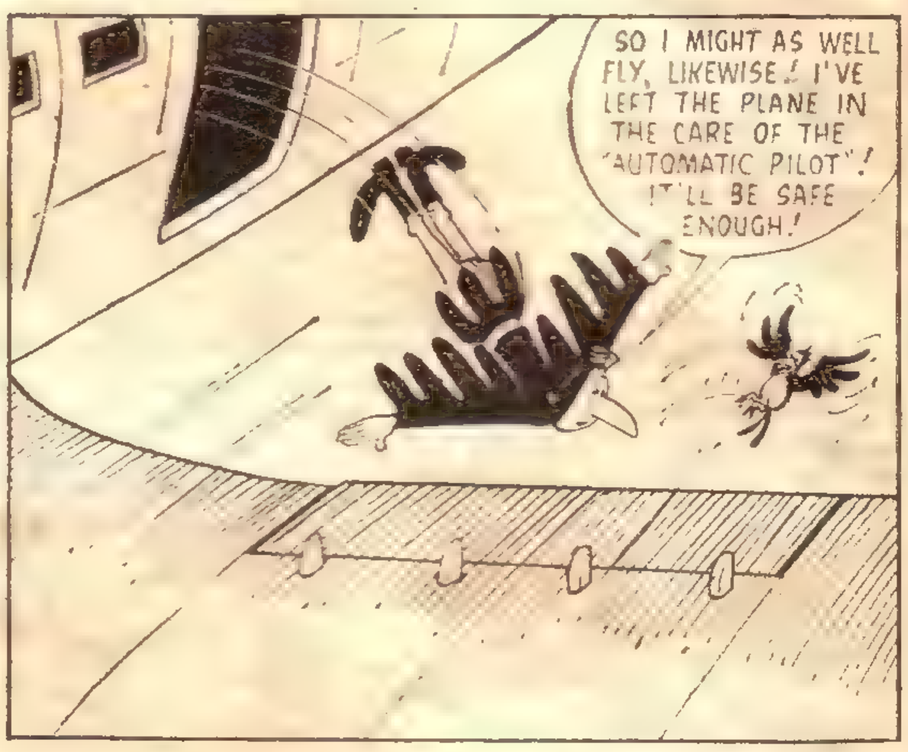
IS IT JUST SIMON'S IMAGINATION . . . OR WILL FATE GO AGAINST HIM? READ ON NEXT WEEK!

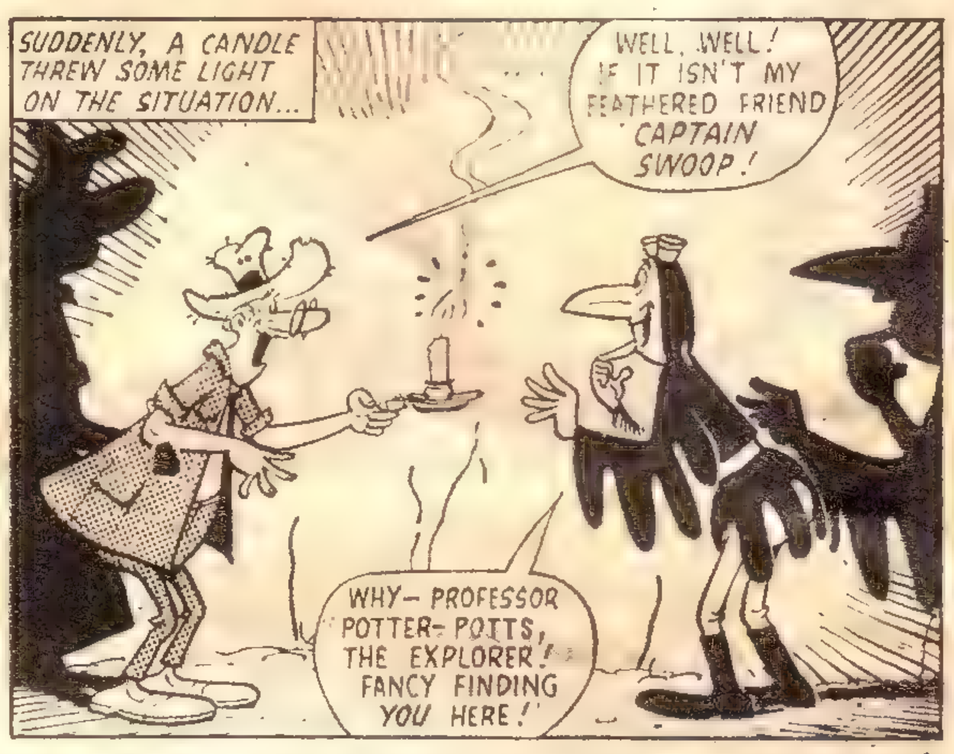
THE CROOKS HAVE FLOWN—BUT CAPTAIN SWOOP REFUSES TO FLAP !

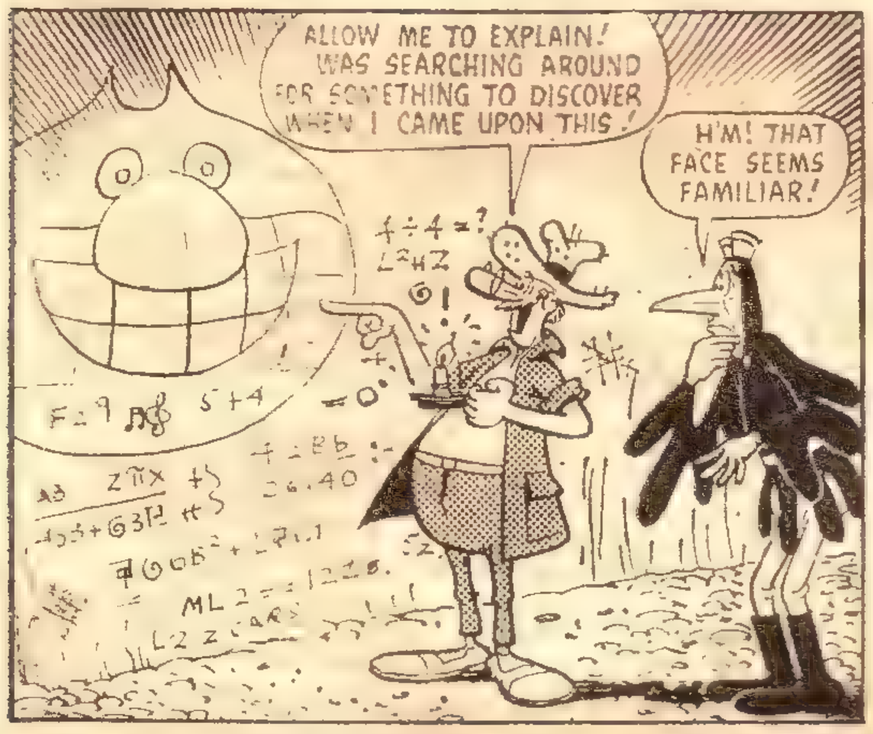
CAPTAIN SWOOP

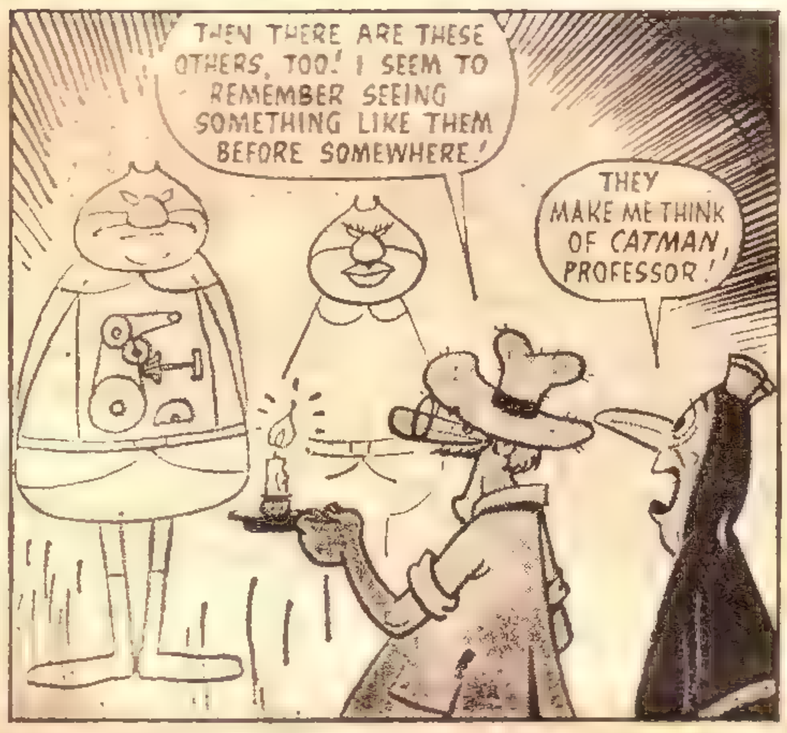
HE'S HALF MAN, HALF BIRD, HALF WIT

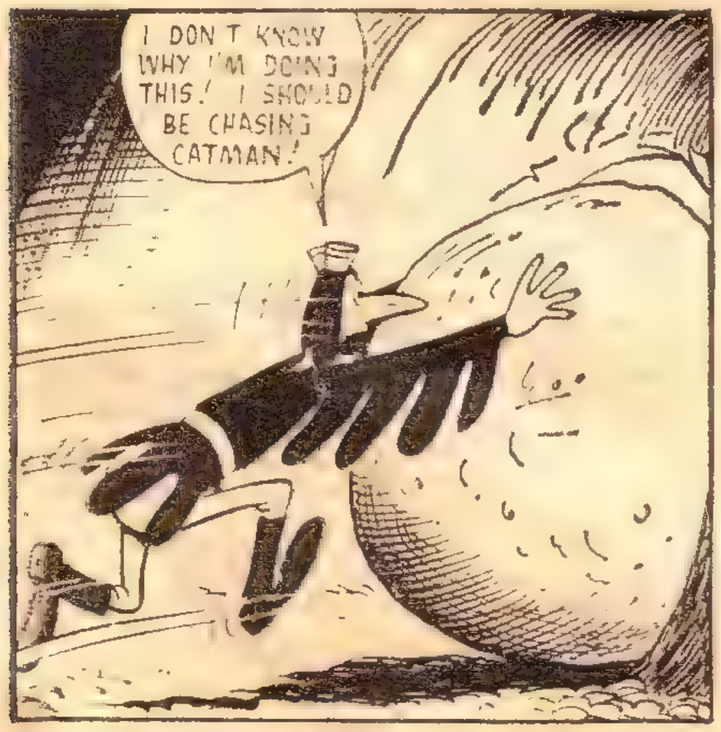


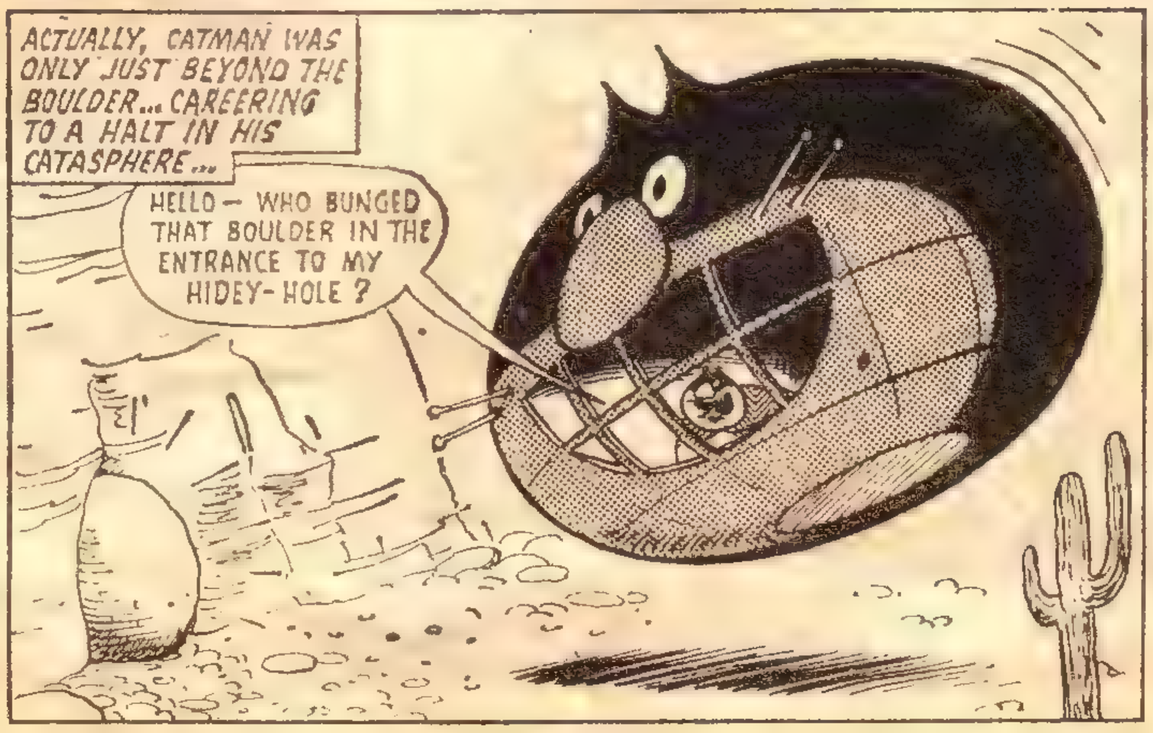


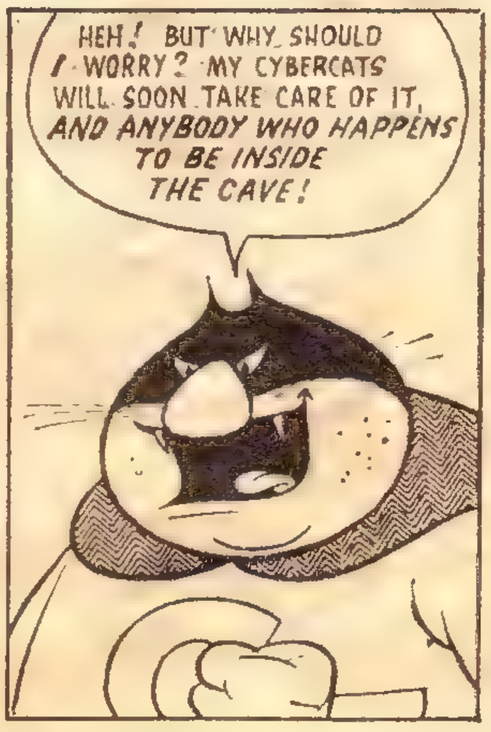








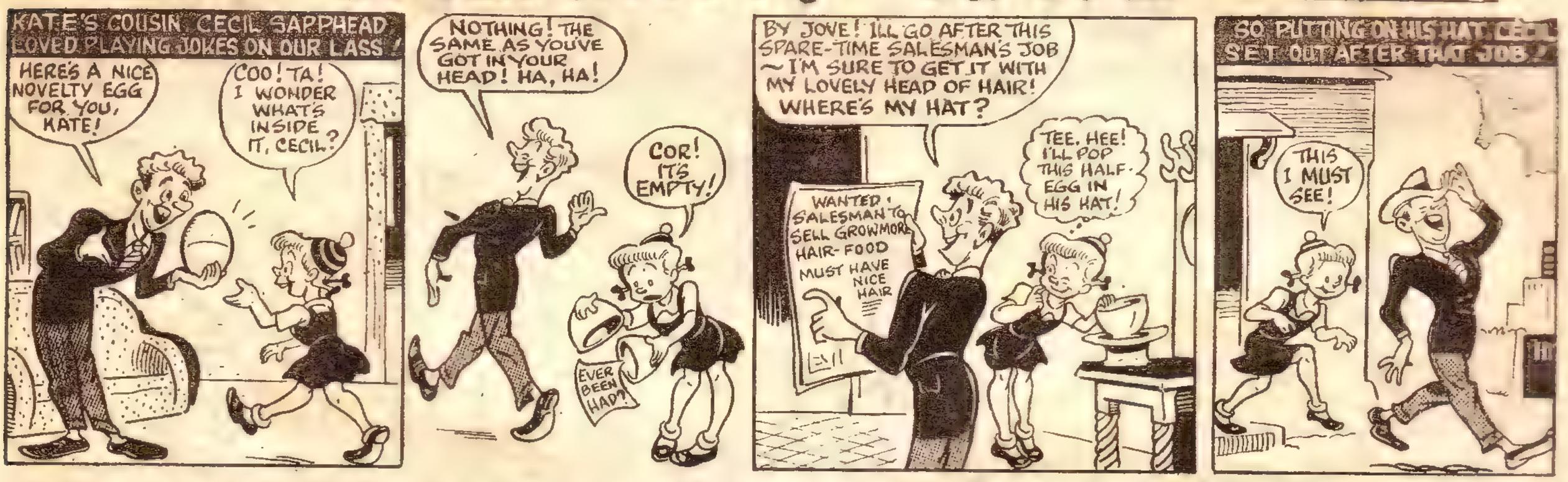


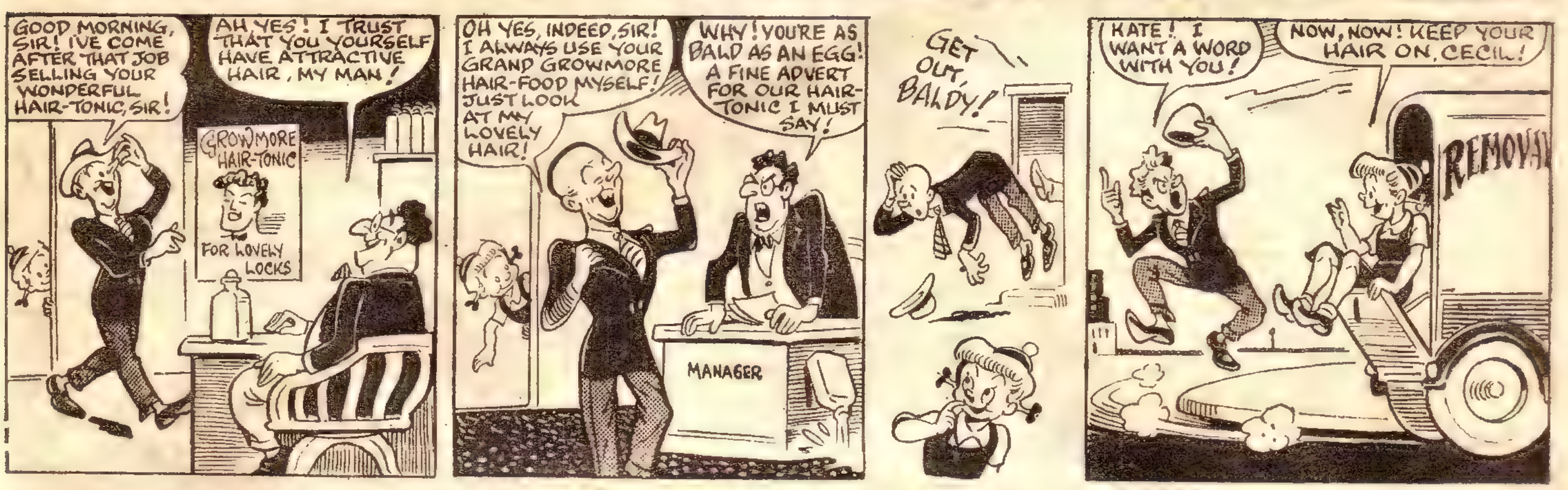


WILL CATMAN DISCOVER HIS ARCH-FOE? SEE NEXT MONDAY'S FUN-FILLED EPISODE!

THIS MISCHIEVOUS MISS SOON BRINGS THINGS TO A HEAD!

CALAMITY KATE





★★★

THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO WIN A GRAND PRIZE! SEND IN A JOKE TODAY!

MAKE BUSTER LAUGH

£16 TO BE WON EVERY WEEK

Write or draw your joke on a postcard, stamp the card, and post to :

BUSTER and GIGGLE, FLEETWAY HOUSE, FARRINGDON ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

£2 WILL BE AWARDED FOR EACH OF THE EIGHT JOKES PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

(When similar jokes are received, the first one to be judged will be awarded the prize.)

MY THREE FAVOURITE FEATURES ARE:

1.....

2.....

3.....

PLEASE FILL IN THE COUPON ABOVE AND PASTE IT TO YOUR POSTCARD.

THE UNMANNED "FIREBRAND" REELED UNDER THE FURY OF THE HURRICANE!

PATCH-EYE HOOKER
Terror of the seas

PATCH-EYE HOOKER BOASTED THAT HE WAS THE MOST RUTHLESS PIRATE WHO EVER SAILED THE CARIBBEAN SEA. BETWEEN RAIDS ON TREASURE SHIPS, HE AND HIS MEN RESTED UP ON A SECRET ISLAND HIDE-OUT, AND A LAGOON GAVE SHELTER TO HIS SHIP, "FIREBRAND." IT SEEMED THE IDEAL PLACE UNTIL, ONE DAY, THE ISLAND WAS BATTERED BY A HURRICANE WIND...

LOOK, CAP'N! *FIREBRAND'S* DRAGGING HER ANCHOR! SHE'LL BE SWEPT ON TO THE REEF AND BATTERED TO PIECES! WE'VE GOT TO *DO* SOMETHING!

I HEAR YE, MISTER MATE! LEAVE IT TO ME!

MOMENTS LATER, A PIRATE RUSHED UP TO THE CAVE SHARED BY CABIN BOY WILL BARBER AND OLD TOBIAS FLAGON, AN ECCENTRIC ALCHEMIST...

ALL HANDS DOWN TO THE BEACH! CAP'N HOOKER'S ORDERS! *FIREBRAND'S* IN DANGER!

DROP EVERYTHING, TOBIAS! YOU KNOW THE CAP'N WON'T BE KEPT WAITING..!

BUT OUTSIDE THE CAVE...

THE POWER OF THIS WIND! IT HAS THE *FORCE* OF A BATTERING RAM!

AHA... YOU HAVE GIVEN ME A WONDROUS IDEA, YOUNG WILL!

BAH... WHERE ARE MY WRITING SHEETS? I MUST COMMIT MY THOUGHTS TO PAPER WITHOUT DELAY!

NOT *NOW*, TOBIAS! YOU CAN'T WRITE IN THIS WIND!

SURE ENOUGH, A SPLIT-SECOND AFTER TOBIAS LAID HANDS ON THE SHEETS OF PAPER...

GAAH!

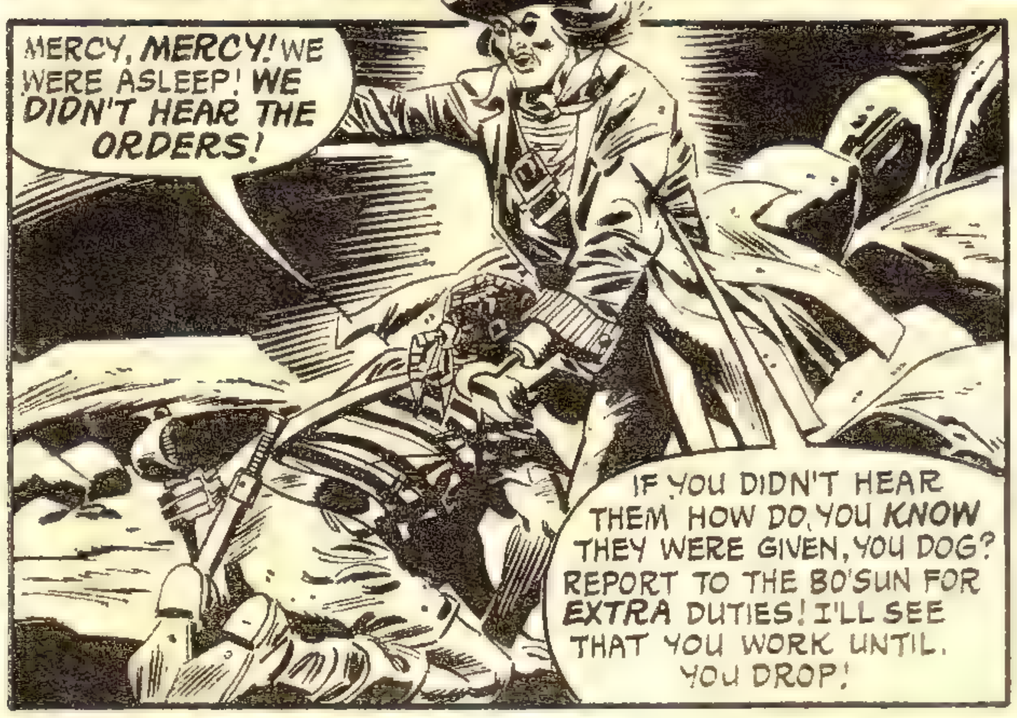
I WARNED YOU, TOBIAS! FOR A MAN OF SCIENCE YOU CAN SOMETIMES BE VERY SILLY! COME ON — CAPTAIN HOOKER TAKES IT BADLY WHEN HIS ORDERS ARE DISOBEYED!

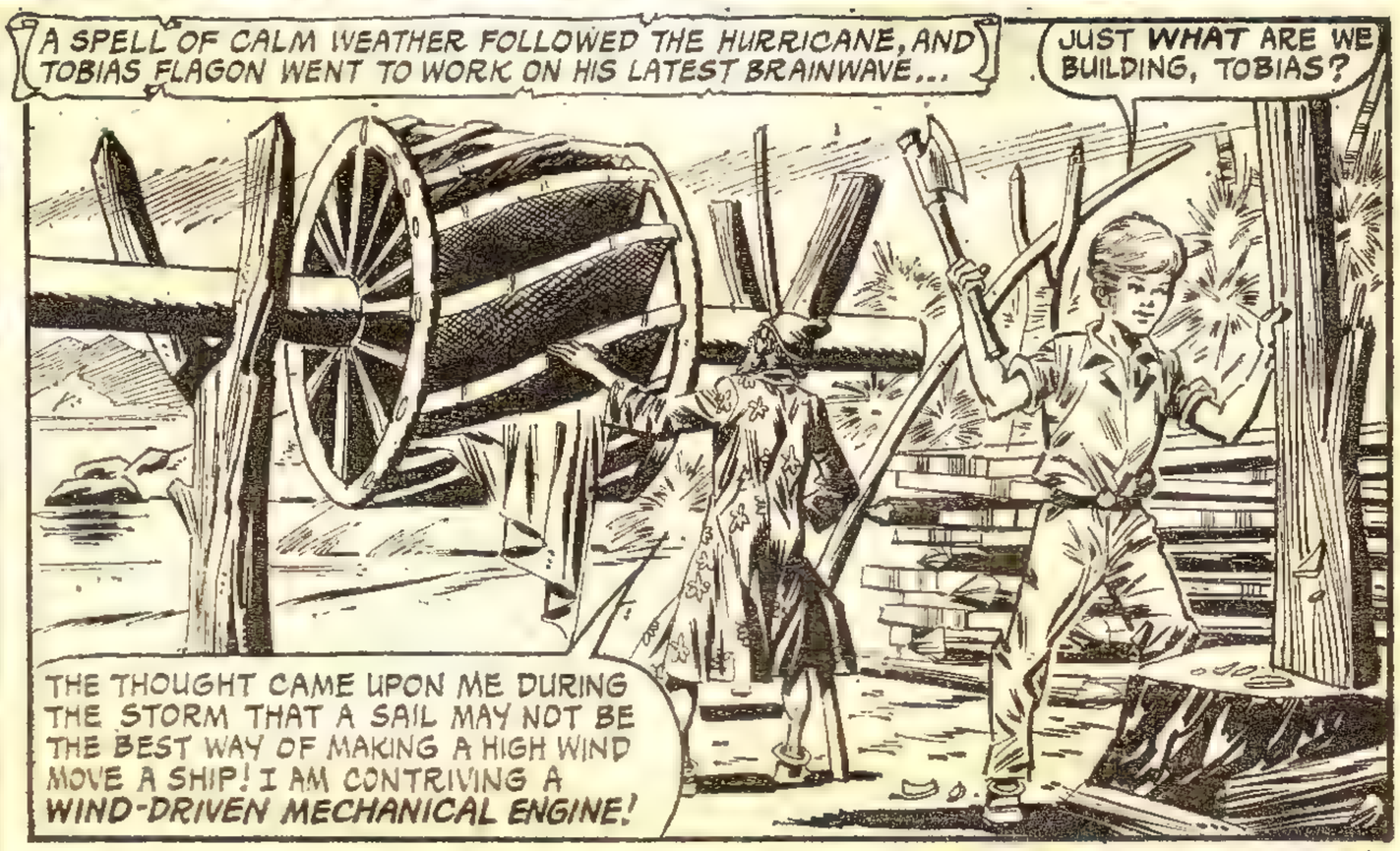
PATCH-EYE HOOKER WAS DRIVING HIS MEN INTO ACTION TO SAVE THE *FIREBRAND*. BUT ONE WAS SLOW TO MOVE...

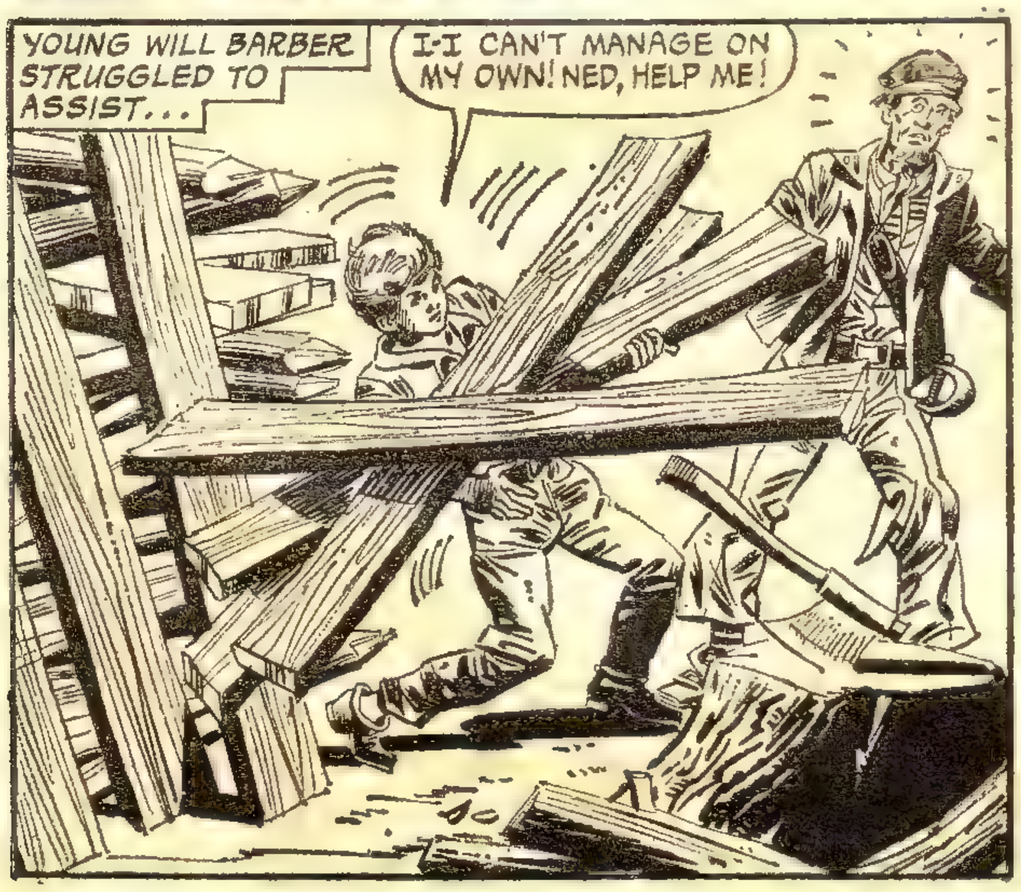
BY THE HELM, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, YOU BILGE-RAT? AFRAID OF A LITTLE SALT WATER? HELP GET THE BOATS LAUNCHED! *I'LL HAVE NO WORK-DODGERS IN MY CREW!*

CONTINUED OVERLEAF...

TOBIAS FLAGON WAS INSPIRED . . . AND SET TO WORK ON AN INCREDIBLE CONTRAPTION !







ANGRILY, BLUESCAR AND HIS MATES PLOTTED AGAINST THEIR CAPTAIN!

YOU APPEAR TO HAVE ESCAPED SERIOUS INJURY! IF YOU WILL COME TO MY CAVE LATER, I WILL TREAT YOU WITH CERTAIN SECRET POTIONS . . OF MY MAKING!

GRR! I'M IN NO HURRY, YOU FOOL WIZARD!

EVENTUALLY, TOBIAS'S STRANGE VESSEL WAS READY FOR PATCH-EYE'S INSPECTION...

THE WIND WILL ROTATE THE SHAFT, WHICH, BY MEANS OF COGS AND GEARS OF MY OWN DEVISING, SHOULD CAUSE THE OARS TO PROPEL THE BOAT!

VASTLY INGENIOUS, MASTER FLAGON—*IF IT WORKS!* BUT WHAT IF THERE IS *NO* WIND—LIKE TODAY?

AH... IN THAT CASE THE CRAFT CAN BE ROWED BY WORKING THESE HANDLES!

GOOD! THAT FAT RASCAL BLUESCAR AND HIS IDLE MATES CAN GIVE US A DEMONSTRATION!

SO BLUESCAR AND HIS ACCOMPLICES WERE PUT TO WORK...

BAH—WE ARE SCARCE MOVING! TOIL *HARDER*, YOU IDLE DOGS!

W-WE ARE TRYING OUR HARDEST!

AT LAST, BLUESCAR AND HIS EXHAUSTED MATES WERE ALLOWED TO GIVE UP TRYING TO MOVE TOBIAS'S MASSIVE CRAFT. THEY TOTTERED ASHORE, FLUSHED WITH ANGER...

WE HELP HOOKER PILE UP TREASURE, AND WHAT DO WE GET IN RETURN? WORK-WORK-*WORK!* WE'LL STAND NO MORE FROM HIM! LISTEN, I HAVE A PLAN!

AYE! 'TIS TIME TO TAKE WHAT'S OURS—*AND MORE!*

PERISHING POWDER-KEGS! THEY ARE LETTING MY CABIN BOY BEAT US!

I FEAR IT MAY BE *MY* FAULT, CAPTAIN! I FORGOT TO ALLOW FOR THE WEIGHT OF MY MECHANICAL DEVICES! THEY MAKE THE CRAFT TOO HEAVY FOR THE OARS TO MOVE IT!

LATER...

NED HAS NEVER COME FOR TREATMENT, YOUNG WILL!

I BELIEVE 'TIS HIS TURN TO STAND GUARD AT THE TREASURE CAVE! I'LL CARRY SOME OF YOUR POTION DOWN TO HIM, TOBIAS!

ON LEAVING THE CAVE, WILL DISCOVERED THAT ANOTHER HIGH WIND WAS SPRINGING UP...

I FEAR WE ARE IN FOR ANOTHER STORM! I CAN SCARCE DRAW BREATH!

CONTINUED OVERLEAF...

WHEN WILL REACHED THE TREASURE CAVE, HE RECEIVED A SHOCK...

BLUESCAR! HE STRUCK ME DOWN, AND FLED WITH THE CAPTAIN'S TREASURE! THE ROGUE AND HIS MATES PLAN TO STEAL THE *FIREBRAND*! RAISE THE *ALARM*, YOUNG WILL!

WILL'S SHOUTS BROUGHT PATCH-EYE TO THE BEACH BEFORE THE MUTINEERS HAD TIME TO EMBARK...

STOP, YE BLACKGUARDS!

BEWARE... 'TIS HOOKER! NO TIME TO REACH THE *FIREBRAND* NOW! WE'LL TAKE MASTER FLAGON'S BOAT!

REACHING TOBIAS'S CRAFT, BLUESCAR AND HIS MEN RAISED THE ANCHOR...

MASTER FLAGON'S DEVICE WORKS WONDROUSLY WHEN THE WIND IS STRONG! ONCE WE'RE CLEAR OF THE LAGOON THE *FIREBRAND* WILL *NEVER* CATCH US!

THE STRAIN PROVED ALL TOO MUCH FOR THE RAMSHACKLE CRAFT...

KRAAAACK!

YEEARRGH!

BUT, TO EVERYONE'S AMAZEMENT...

AARGH! WE ARE BEWITCHED!

FLAGON

A MIRACLE! I HAVE ACCIDENTALLY INVENTED A *FLYING MACHINE*!

THE CAPTAIN IS *MERCIFUL*! HE IS NOT LEAVING US TO DROWN!

PATCH-EYE ONLY SAVES OUR LIVES BECAUSE HE HAS SOME *WORSE* PUNISHMENT IN MIND!

BLUESCAR'S FEARS WERE REALISED! THE FOLLOWING DAY, WHEN THE WATERS OF THE LAGOON WERE CALM ONCE MORE...

OH, CAPTAIN, *NOT AGAIN*! I HAVE ALREADY SWALLOWED SO MUCH SALT WATER!

METHINKS THEY'LL *NEVER* FORGET THE DAY THEY FAILED TO GET THE BETTER OF PATCH-EYE HOOKER!

IN WITH YOU, MUTINOUS WRETCH! YOU'LL KEEP ON DIVING UNTIL ALL MY TREASURE HAS BEEN SALVAGED FROM THE DEPTHS!

DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S SENSATIONAL STORY OF PATCH-EYE HOOKER — TERROR OF THE SEAS!

This advertisement is another in the series of Anglo Ace adventures from Anglo

THE ADVENTURES OF
ANGLO ACE

PRESS
PROF. GOBBLETOPF

ANGLO ACE IS VISITING HIS OLD FRIEND PROFESSOR GOBBLETOPF, THE INVENTOR.

VERY NICE, PROFESSOR, BUT WHAT DOES IT DO?

STEP INSIDE AND HAVE A LOOK

AS ANGLO STEPS INSIDE HE BRUSHES AGAINST A LEVER

WHAT'S HAPPENING? IT MUST BE A TIME MACHINE!

WHERE AM I?

YOU'RE IN THE IMPERIAL GAOL OF THE EMPEROR NERO

RIGHT, YOU CHRISTIAN DOGS, I'VE GOT A LITTLE TREAT FOR YOU. TOMORROW IS THE IDES OF MARCH AND THE EMPEROR IS HAVING A CIRCUS. YOU LOT ARE GOING TO FIGHT XXV LIONS

WHAT'S THIS? ANOTHER OF YOUR CHRISTIAN SYMBOLS? YOU'D BETTER KEEP IT, YOU'LL NEED IT TOMORROW

DEATH TO THE CHRISTIANS!

DEATH!

DEATH!

THE IDES OF MARCH

SUDDENLY....

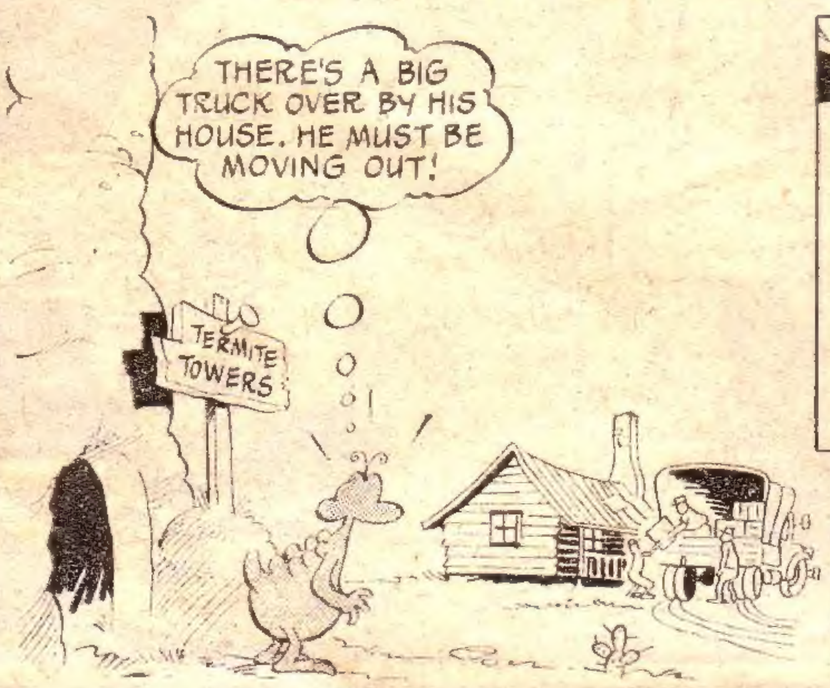
IS THIS THE END FOR ANGLO ACE? CAN HE ESCAPE FROM THIS DREADFUL PLIGHT? WILL ANGLO ACE EVER AGAIN CHEW BUBBLY, BLACK CAT, PEAK, TIP TOP OR CANDY GUM? MAKE SURE THAT YOU READ NEXT WEEK'S EXCITING INSTALMENT OF THE ADVENTURES OF ANGLO ACE — AND KEEP CHEWING.

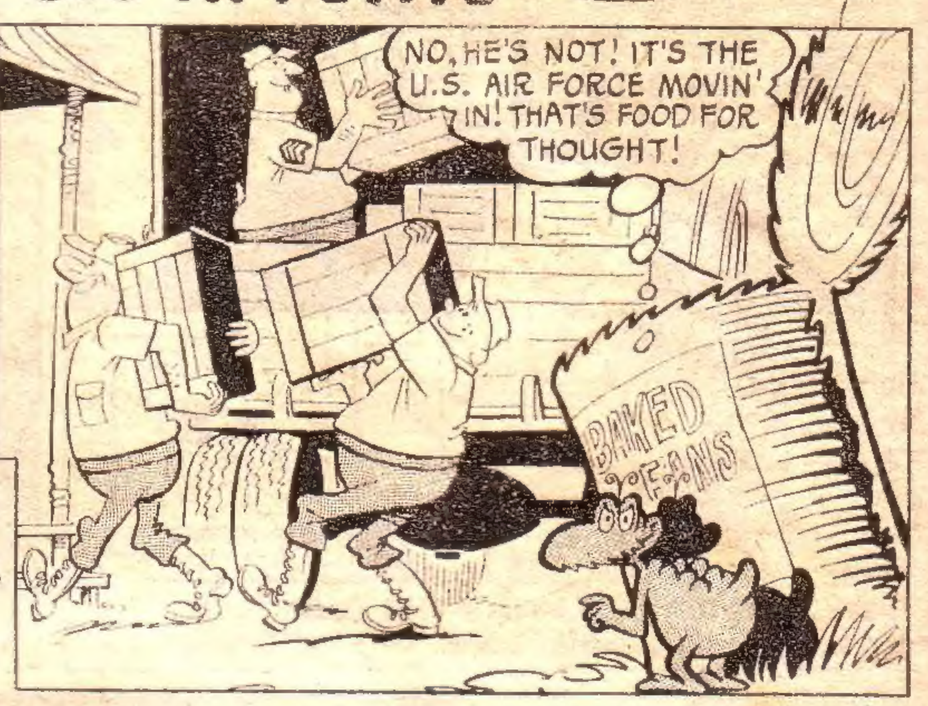
ANGLO BUBBLE GUMS GIVE YOU MORE FLAVOUR, MORE CHEW - AND THE BIGGEST BUBBLES!

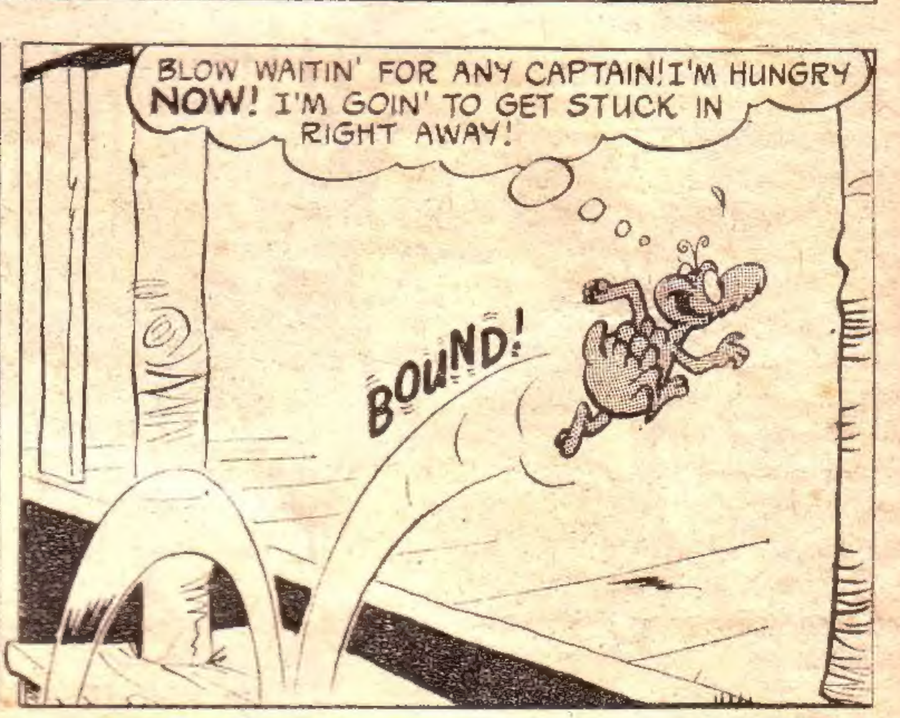
CRUNCHER'S BANG ON FORM TODAY . . . HE EATS A STICK OF DYNAMITE!

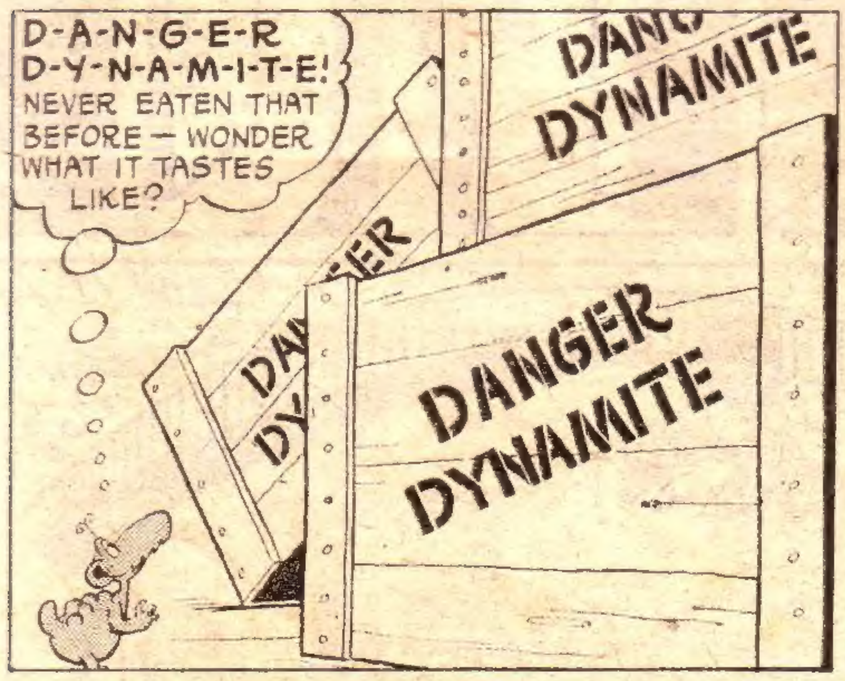
CRUNCHER

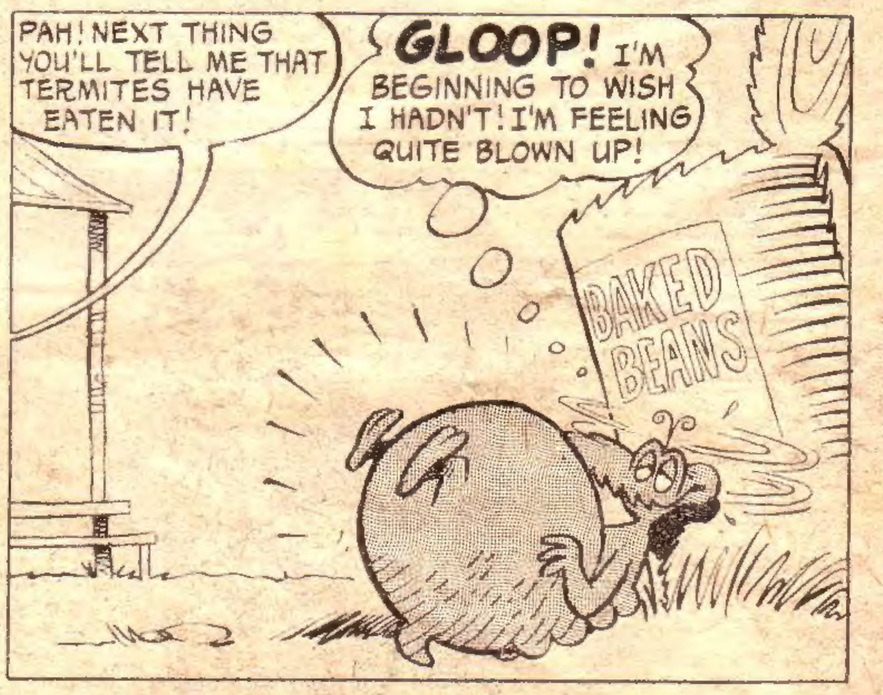
THE TINY TERMITE WITH THE BIG APPETITE











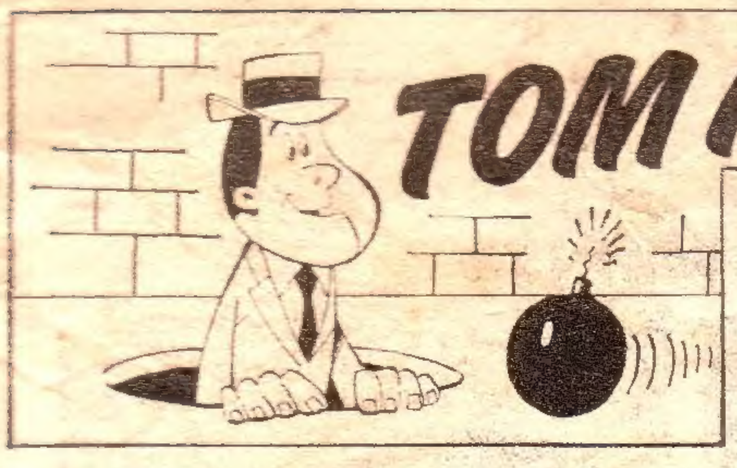
GET SET FOR MORE LAUGHS NEXT MONDAY! THE AIR FORCE LAYS A CONCRETE RUNWAY!

BUSTER CALLING, PALS! *I WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU...!*

If you're a member of my BUSTER CLUB you can get yourself a whole heap of pleasure . . . and a reward . . . if you drop me a line and your letter is published.

What are you doing for your holidays ? Have you any hobbies ? Do you like animals ? Choose your own interesting subject and write to me at the BUSTER CLUB ADDRESS . . . 1-2 Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

TOM ARTO LAUNCHES INTO ACTION . . . HOPING TO SAVE A NAVY !



The Floating Assets.

NO man had foiled so many troublemakers as Tom Arto. No-one in need called upon him in vain—they might call upon him in striped suits or in disguise, but *never* in vain.

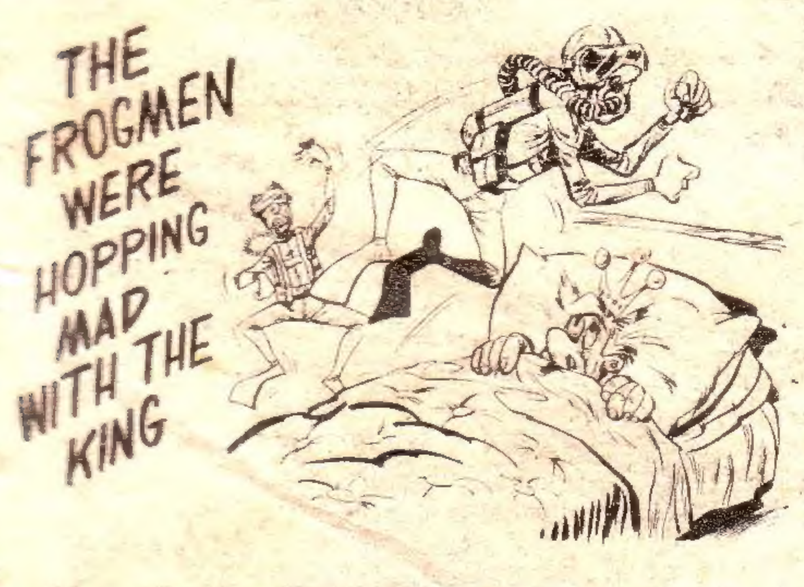
Despite all this, Tom remained modest. A grateful president had presented him with a new hat, but he never let it go to his head.

At this moment he was being telephoned by the King of Eejit. The king was very proud of his navy ; he had several sailors who were hardly ever seasick except when they went on a boat.

The safety of the king's country depended on his navy, and he was worried. Every time he got a new fleet together it sank as soon as it put to sea. He had spread chewing gum over the bottom of each boat, but it made no difference.

The king got so tired of holes appearing in his ships that he wouldn't even allow leeks in his stew. He once went paddling with holes in his socks, with the result that he sank himself ! It took five frogmen to dig him out of the ocean bed and put him into his own. They were hopping mad about it, too !

What caused his ships to sink ? They were in good condition, and yet at sea holes appeared as if by magic. The king was getting short of sailors, too ; most of them were fed up with getting wet, and had gone to work in the dry-cleaning business.



Also, all the officers that remained were two admirals and a rear-admiral. The latter stayed in his house at the back of town, and nobody could get rearer than that !

Some enemy was at work ! That was plain, but how they managed it was a different matter.

So the king rang up Tom Arto.

"Hello," he said.

"Same here," answered Tom politely.

"It's about my navy," said the king.

"Your *gravy* ?"

"Not gravy. *Navy*. **N** for Nitwit. **A** for A—what did you say ? **V** for Very well, how's yourself, and **Y** does it sink ?"

"What *are* you talking about ?" asked Tom.

"It's sunk !"

"Who's a chump ?"

"My navy has sunk. It always does."

"You should speak to it about it," said Tom.

"When my fleet goes to sea, holes appear and water comes in," said the king.

"Why water ?" queried Tom, starting a fresh line of enquiry.

"That's all there is to choose from !" rasped the king. "There's nothing else where my navy goes. Only water."

"Tell you what the trouble is," said Tom. "There must be holes in your ships !"

"Of course there are !" came the reply. "But where do the holes come from ? That's what I want to know."

"There are hundreds of holes knocking about in the world," said Tom soothingly. "They've got to go *somewhere* !"

"They needn't all pick on my ships. There are plenty of tea strainers and sieves they can settle in without congregating in my navy. Some enemy is doing this !"

"Do you know an enemy with holes in ?" queried Tom.

"I know one or two I'd like to put holes in !" retorted the king.

"How big were the holes that appeared in the ships ?" inquired Tom.

"Some were size seven ; others were six and seven eighths. I know that because my crown fell through one, but not the other !"

"I'll come at once," said Tom. "If you have any sample holes let me see a few."

Soon afterwards, Tom stood on the dock watching ships of the new fleet being launched. Crowds, headed by the king, stood and cheered. The navy sailed out—*then sank* !

"That," said the king, "is another navy gone west !"

"When will you be building another ?" asked Tom.

"Tonight," replied the king. "Why ?"

"I want to sail on the flagship," said Tom, throwing out his chest with defiance.

The next day *another* navy was launched.

The king, acting on Tom's advice, had sent to Ireland for sailors, as he was running short.

"If you get men from Cork," Tom had said, "your ships may go down—but not your sailors. A Cork man will never sink. Take my advice and get a Cork's crew !"

It took time to explain to the king that a Cork's crew was not for drawing corks out, but to keep the ships afloat. At last he saw the sense of it. It was the first time he had ever seen sense and he was very pleased.

Next day, Tom sailed on the flagship of the new fleet.

He went below, and immediately spotted a man carrying a large sack.

Tom waited until the man went on deck and then he peeped into the sack.

It was packed to the brim with holes ! Tom had never seen so many holes in his life before. He realised what was wrong.

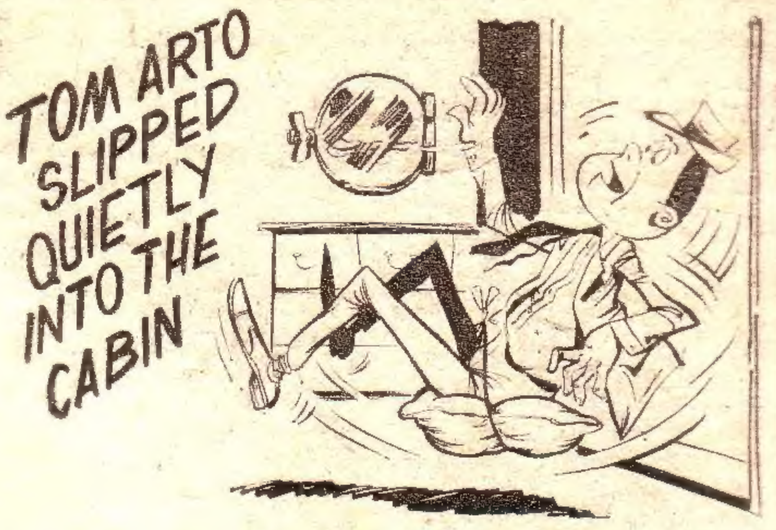
This man was taking the holes to the bottom of the ship and dropping them here and there. Immediately, the water rushed in causing the ship to sink !

It was a cunning plan—but Tom was determined to foil the villain.

That night, Tom slipped quietly into the plotter's cabin and slit the bottom of the bag with a penknife. This done, he took up position at the end of the corridor and settled himself to wait.

Midnight !

The low-down plotter crept into his cabin on all fours and took up his bag. His cabin door



opened and he stepped back into the corridor.

Little did he know he was under the watchful eye of Tom !

The bag upon his shoulder, the villain tripped towards the spot where the special agent was in hiding.

He did not notice that his precious precision-cut holes were dropping out through the slit which Tom had cut in the bag. Soon he would have no holes left ; they were strewn on the ground behind him. Silently he approached on tiptoe.

Tom stepped out suddenly.

"*Boo !*" he said.

The man lost his nerve and his wig and turned round to run back into his cabin, but he had reckoned without the holes which had dropped out of his bag.

He fell down through the first of these and landed in the brig on the deck below. There was no escape.

The new Eejit Navy was saved !

The plotter's headquarters were raided, and thousands of holes were discovered just lying around.

The king presented Tom with a parcel of holes. Tom took them home and handed them to his local golf course.

Once again, Tom had triumphed and rescued the navy from that sinking feeling !

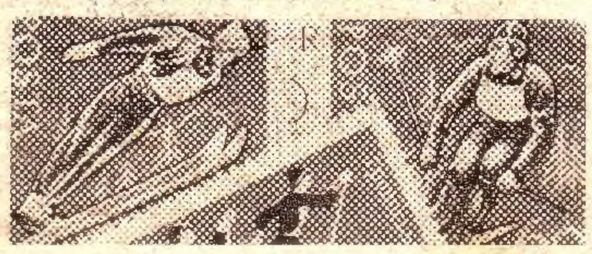
(There's never a dull moment with Tom Arto around ! Look out for another rib-tickling adventure very soon !)

THRILLS! ACTION! SUSPENSE!

You'll find them all when you join JASON HYDE, the man with X-ray eyes, as he battles against Dr. Klystron, the sinister Lord of Lightning! Read his spine-chilling adventures in . . .

VALIANT

ON SALE EVERY MONDAY—7d.



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This famous old PENNY RED

PLUS 150 Stamps all FREE!

Catalogue value of this genuine unsorted 'dealer's mixture' is over 30/-, yet we will send it — and the "PENNY RED"— absolutely FREE to all who ask to see our latest Approvals. (No need to buy any.) Please tell your parents. Send 4d. postage to:

PHILATELIC SERVICES (Dept. B13)
Eastrington, Goole, Yorkshire

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FUNNY GUY, EH? TAKE HIM AWAY AND THROW HIM TO YE LIONS!

COR! THAT'S NOT TO MY TASTE, MATE!

H'M! NEVER LET IT BE SAID I'M A SPOIL-SPORT! I'LL LET YOU OFF IF YOU CAN BEAT ME IN A CHARIOT RACE AT THE ARENA TONIGHT!

COLOSSEUM ☆ TONIGHT ☆ DIRT-TRACK RACING PLUS LIONS.

ROYAL COMMAND PERFORMANCE

SORRY, SON! CAESAR JUST HIRED THE LAST TWO HORSES! THIS BABY GIRAFFE IS ALL WE HAVE LEFT ON FOUR LEGS!

RACING STABLES HORSES AND CHARIOTS FOR HIRE.

OOER! I HOPE HE CAN RUN - OR I'M SUNK!

VERY SOON THE RACE WAS ON...

HAW, HAW! A FAT CHANCE HE'S GOT OF BEATING ME IN THAT COMICAL CONTRAPTION!

GEE UP, GIRAFFE! LET'S BE OFF!

NO, YOU HUNGRY ANIMAL! YOU GET THE LAUREL WREATH ***AFTER*** THE RACE, NOT BEFORE!

VERILY! **HE IS OFF!**

WOW! I ***WILL*** BE, TOO, IF I DON'T HANG ON!

ROUND AND ROUND THE ARENA THEY ROARED...

HEH, HEH! THE LIONS WILL BE ROARING SOON! I SHALL BEAT THE BRAT BY A LAP!

THE FINISHING LINE AHEAD! IT'LL SOON BE THE END FOR ***HIM!***

BUSTER WINS BY A NECK!

WELL DONE, BUSTER! I CANNOT CROWN THEE WITH THE VICTORS LAUREL, SO HOLD OUT THY HAND FOR SOMETHING ELSE!

BUT BUSTER WAS... SMITTEN BY ANOTHER SORT OF RULER. IT WOKE HIM UP...

THAT'LL TEACH YOU ***NOT*** TO NOD OFF IN MY CLASS, BOY!

COO! IT'S QUEEN CLEOPATRA! I'M SMITTEN BY HER!

NEXT WEEK, BUSTER DREAMS HE'S A FLYING ACE . . . AND THE SKY'S THE LIMIT FOR LAUGHS!